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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1958.

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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Wait And See

IT is pleasing to see that the various associations concerned with the Colony's textile industry have come together to form a representative committee to meet the delegation from Lancashire later this month. There is time now for members to consider the attitude Hongkong should adopt.

The China Mail in a recent comment warned against forming inflexible views before Lancashire has put its own proposals. It will be tempting for the local committee to decide at the outset the terms on which talks will be held. For example it may wish to exclude any discussion of made-up goods and limit consideration purely to grey cloth. And there would be wide support for such a move.

But to decide this now would prejudice the chances of the meeting getting very much further than a formal exchange of views and it must be said that there are wide hopes not only in Britain, but in Hongkong too, that some agreement will emerge.

THERE is reason to hope moreover that Lancashire will not attempt to drive a hard bargain. Suggestions have been made that in its desire to finalise agreement with India and Pakistan, who between them export far more than Hongkong and who have made their agreement with Lancashire conditional on one with Hongkong, the British industry is prepared to offer us a reasonably comfortable ceiling.

And if so we will need to weigh carefully whether it would be better to negotiate on this basis than to risk the opprobrium that a refusal might engender in some parts of Britain. Hongkong, too, has a request to make: The Lancashire boycott may not yet be harmful, but it is distasteful that it should be the product of enmity between the Mother country and a Colony and we should desire its removal.

There are other considerations: deadlock again might seriously alarm Conservatives in marginal seats in Lancashire and with talk of an autumn election, provoke demands for restrictions. Other countries also regarding Hongkong's textile exports with concern might exploit such action. The right frame of mind for Hongkong should be to look forward to agreement rather than prepare for another defensive action.

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## AMERICA'S REAL INTENTIONS IN ISLAND WAR REVEALED

# WHAT DULLES SAID PRIVATELY

### 'U.S. Has Definitely Decided'

Washington, Sept. 5. Sen. H. Alexander Smith said after a half hour conference with the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles today that the United States has "definitely" decided to help defend Quemoy and Matsu islands against Chinese invasion.

Smith, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said: "We have to do that. If we let these down, the whole thing goes."

The Senator said he believes the Administration will get in touch with Republican and Democratic leaders of Congress if the Formosa Straits situation becomes more serious.

Senator Smith was asked whether the United States does not already consider the crisis there very serious. He replied that the United States does not now know what the Chinese will do in view of yesterday's Eisenhower-Dulles warning against any aggressive move.

### Big Bluff

He said China's increased military activity in the area "may be a great big bluff."

"It is worse (than a bluff), we'll let them know there is some strength behind U.S. assurances," Senator Smith said, referring to frequent U.S. statements and treaty commitments to aid the Nationalists.

Reporters asked whether he understood the United States has made a decision to defend Quemoy and Matsu islands against invasion.

"Definitely," he replied. "And it is dead right, too." "And it is dead right, too," he said directly whether Mr Dulles told him of such a firm decision in today's conference.

But he added: "As I said, we are defending those islands. We are not going in with any aggressive purposes. But if they attack, we'll defend them."—U.P.I.

Paris, Sept. 5. The newspaper Paris-Journal in a report from the "Aoms for Peace" conference in Geneva said today that the Soviet Union has had five atomic submarines in operation for more than a year.

### We'll Fight If It Is Necessary

By RALPH HARRIS

Washington, Sept. 5. Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, was reported today to have told correspondents at a special briefing that the United States would fight if necessary to keep Quemoy and Matsu out of Communist hands.

### 'Diplomatic Offensive'

Moscow, Sept. 5. The Soviet warning to the United States today that she would deliver a "devastating counter-blow" if the U.S. intervened with direct military action in the Far East, appeared to diplomatic observers here to presage a new diplomatic offensive to settle the Chinese question finally.

The observers said that it also heralded a renewed campaign for Communist China's admittance to the United Nations.

As seen in Moscow, the Far East situation now appeared to overshadow all other world problems, including the Middle East and the questions of a possible new approach to the summit.—Reuter.

### London Has Spectacular Storm

London, Sept. 5. Three thousand lightning flashes lit up London's skyline tonight in what weather experts described as "probably one of the most spectacular storms of the century."

During a two-hour non-stop display lightning flashes stabbed every corner of the capital. Some lasted five seconds and one zig-zagged into about 100 joint flashes.

The storm carved a trail of damage across London and Southern England. It ended a day of sweltering humidity that reached 70 per cent in a 70 degree Fahrenheit temperature, almost double the normal humidity reading for such a temperature.

But many houses were hit by lightning, torrential rain turned roads into rivers marooning motorists and flooding homes.—Reuter.

### Next Moon Shot Delayed For A Month

Washington, Sept. 5. The Defence Department disclosed today that there has been at least a month's postponement in the United States next attempt to fire a rocket to the moon.

The second attempt had been at least tentatively set for Saturday, Sept. 13. But the Department said in an announcement that it was "unlikely any attempt will be made in September."

There was no official explanation for the postponement. But authorities said the Air Force had not been able to get a second launching vehicle ready for a new attempt.

The first American effort to shoot a rocket to the vicinity of the moon ended in failure on Aug. 17 when the first stage Thor rocket blew up 10 miles in the sky after a 77-second flight.

Oct. 11, Defence officials said, would be the earliest likely date after September when the moon would again be in best relation to the earth for a rocket shot.—U.P.I.

### Police Can Control Colour Bar Incidents

Slambourne, Sept. 5. Mr R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, told his constituents here tonight he had made a personal examination of each incident in Britain's recent racial disturbances.

He was satisfied the scope of the incidents was quite within the power of the police to control in London or the provinces.

But Mr Butler warned: "We have no intention of allowing extremist elements to take advantage of any situation."

He made these other points:

- ★ British public opinion of all shades "universally condemned" anti-colour demonstrations.
- ★ Racial discrimination had never been part of British life or law.
- ★ Patience must be shown while every aspect of the situation—including coloured unemployment and housing problems—was examined.
- ★ Rush decisions should not be taken in an atmosphere of unrest.—Reuter.

### BRITAIN'S RELATIONS WITH CHINA AT LOW EBB

London, Sept. 5.

Britain's relations with China were seen by diplomatic observers here today as having reached their lowest level for months, despite British lack of support for the United States in the current crisis over the Chinese offshore islands.

Observers regarded a Foreign Office spokesman as having gone as far as possible to support the United States in a statement to his daily press conference today, without abandoning Britain's different stand on China.

The spokesman said Britain shared American concern at any attempt to impose territorial changes by use of force, but he declined to answer whether Britain fully supported the United States position in the Far East.

### As In 1955

At the same time the spokesman recalled that Britain's view of the legal position of the offshore islands remained as stated by Sir Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, in 1955.

In other words, observers said, he reaffirmed Britain's view of three years ago that the offshore islands were part of the Chinese mainland and Nationalist forces should withdraw from them.

But despite British reluctance to take sides openly, China has aroused the impression among officials here that it regards London as one hundred per cent behind Washington's policies. This impression has been gained from Chinese diplomatic moves such as the following:

- ★ China has protested against the closure of a Chinese school in Hongkong and the eviction from it of "any in" demonstrators. The protest was followed by demonstrations and angry statements from public bodies throughout China, as if it was intended to treat the affair as an international issue.

★ China has protested against alleged violation of air space near Hongkong by light British Auster aircraft on two occasions in August.

It was stated here that the British authorities had already apologised about one of the incidents before the Chinese protest was received, and the British pilot has since been punished. The authorities were believed not to have been able to pinpoint the other alleged incident.

★ China yesterday formally reiterated its claim to a 12-mile limit for its territorial waters.

★ The Secretary General is due to leave Cairo tomorrow for Jerusalem and Baghdad. He had a first meeting with Nasser last night.—France-Press.

### Hammarhjold Meets Nasser

Cairo, Sept. 5. United Nations Secretary General Hammarhjold held a second and final conference with United Arab Republic President Gamal A. Nasser here tonight.

The Secretary General is due to leave Cairo tomorrow for Jerusalem and Baghdad. He had a first meeting with Nasser last night.—France-Press.

12-mile limit for its territorial waters. Though this announcement was thought not to be directed primarily against Britain, Britain could hardly do otherwise than oppose it.

Britain is at present engaged in a dispute with Iceland precisely because Iceland has unilaterally announced it is enforcing a 12-mile fishing limit, while this country continues to recognise three miles as the internationally accepted limits of territorial waters.

Officials here were studying whether the Chinese announcement might be intended to make local fishing conditions more difficult for fishermen in Hongkong.

Observers said one result of these strained Anglo-Chinese relations was that there appeared to have been no contact between the two countries about the danger of the Formosa Straits tension leading to war.

### HK-Formosa Link

The Economist, a leading independent weekly, said today that Peking's recent "threatening words" were a reminder that China considered the British position in Hongkong and the American position in the Formosa Straits were linked.

"Communist China has wittily chosen this moment to enlarge not only its own territorial waters, but Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's as well, to the same extent as Iceland has," the journal said.

It has also opened an ominous campaign against Hongkong.

The Chinese had "turned the heat simultaneously on Hongkong and the offshore islands before."

### Deported

The present campaign had begun after the deportation from Hongkong of Parker Tu, the mainland-born principal of a Chinese school in the Colony. The school had been considered a hotbed of Communist propaganda.

Last week the People's Daily, the Communist party newspaper, had alleged that the British were associating themselves with American "efforts to create tension in the Formosa Straits" and that the tolerance of the Chinese people had limits.

The Economist commented: "These are threatening words. Although there is no evidence that they forebode Communist aggression against Hongkong, they serve to remind Britain that, at least in Peking's mind, the British position in Hongkong and the American position in the Formosa Straits have become linked."—Reuter.

### Surprises Under Ice Cap

Washington, Sept. 5. Captain William Anderson, skipper of the American submarine Nautilus, said today there would be "big surprises" for the scientists when the reports of the vessel's recent epoch-making trip under the North Polar cap were made public a few months hence.

Speaking to the "National Press Club", Captain Anderson disclosed:

- ★ It will be easier to pass under the Pole in winter than in summer. In summer, he said, coastal icebergs break off progressively from the land and float in irregular masses around the approaches to the Arctic Ocean.

By the winter these ice floes have melted and a new, stable and relatively thin ice covering begins to reform along the coast line.

★ That the Arctic would play an important part in rapid East-West transport in the atomic submarine cargo era, offering brilliant prospects to the port of Barrow, on the northernmost tip of Alaska.

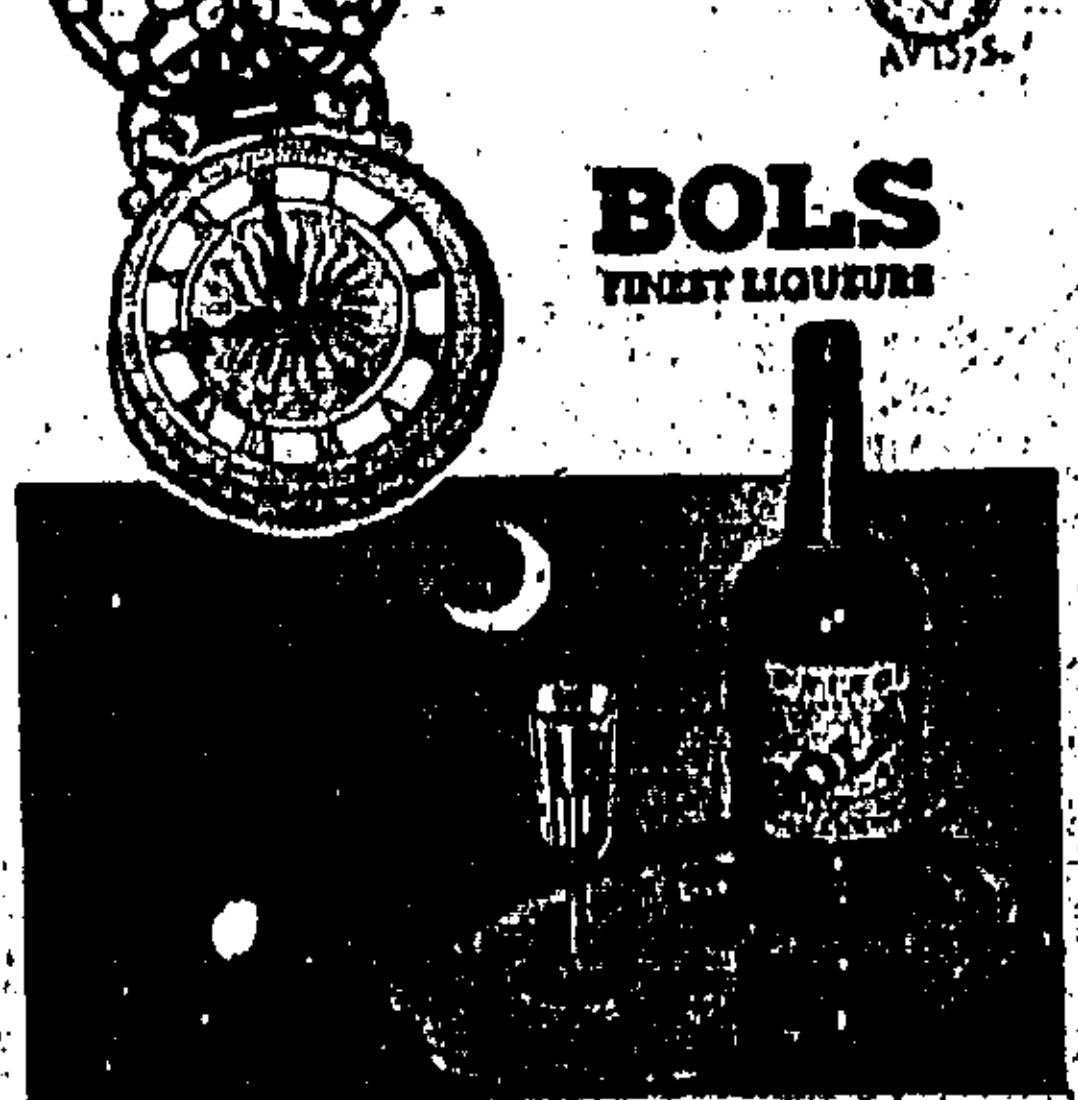
★ That the contours of the sub-marine ice formation are far more rugged than had previously been supposed and that the extent of the Polar ice-cap is much vaster than imagined.—France-Press.

### An historical tradition.....

that holds true today. After a good dinner, at nine o'clock, when the atmosphere is lively and expansive:

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Paramount presents  
KING'S: ARTISTS AND MODELS  
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PRINCESS: HOLLYWOOD OR BUST  
Starring Dean Martin • Jerry Lewis**KING'S TO-MORROW**At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox present  
TERRYTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

AT 12.00 NOON. A SUPERB PICTURE  
NAUSHERWAN THE JUST  
DANCES IN TECHNICOLOR  
Sohrab Modi, Naseem and thousand others.**PRINCESS WEEK-END**To-day at 12.30 p.m. Audie Murphy • Keiko Shima  
in "JOE BUTTERFLY" Cinemascope & TechnicolorTo-morrow at 11.00 a.m. U-I's programme of  
"WOODPECKER" etc. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSTo-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Rock Hudson • Martha Hyer  
Anna Kashfi in "BATTLE HYMN" Techni. & C-ScopeFree COCA COLA to-morrow: morning & 2.30 p.m. shows  
Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50**STAR METROPOLE**SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
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LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. "AWAY ALL BOATS"

In VistaVision &amp; Technicolor — Starring: Joff Chandlor

**HOOVER PARAMOUNT**

NOW SHOWING AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.

DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD!



Starring: John Mills — Richard Attenborough

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon Clark Gable  
Ava Gardner in "MOCAMBO"PARAMOUNT at 10.15 a.m.  
Glenn Ford  
Anne Francis in "THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE"**FILMS Current and Coming**  
by Lucy Downing**DUNKIRK** has lost its miracle. Sir Michael Balcon's "Dunkirk" showing at the Hoover and Paramount has realism and imagination but no miracle.

A fine job has been done in narrowing down the huge confused story of the retreat as sprawling as the Dunkirk beaches but in this presentation the legend has been stripped of its spiritual significance.

The adventures of Binns the reluctant corporal and his companions who pass through the German lines to the perimeter encircling Dunkirk make excellent cinema. Each characterisation is a work of art, the man showing through the soldier.

The fact that the huge evacuation inadvertently coincided with a national day of prayer previously called by His Majesty King George VI and that the image of the burning town descended as fog and shrouded the Channel for the last two days of the evacuation has been ignored.

(So also has the frantic scramble of French civilians fighting to board the evacuation fleet.)

The ordinary folk at home in the towns and villages of Britain knew almost nothing of what was happening in Belgium and France.

Unthinking people started to think. Some took unfamiliar steps to churches, chapels and chapel halls on the day of prayer.

Prayer became contagious. Then almost before the women-folk had time to face the loss of their men in the British Expeditionary Force, they were home. Thousands of them pouring in through the Channel ports, stations and depots. Mine was among them although I didn't know it at the time.

The people of Britain accepted this as a miracle and the rallying-point of the war.

There is definitely no story Miniver aspect about the story written by David Divne and W.P. Lipscomb. All the glamour, heroics and glorious retreat stuff are cut to the bone. And this is right. Any old soldier will tell you that the glamour may be dreamed up before or after the actual battle but there

is no glamour in mud or sand and blood. What has been recorded is the beautiful self-deception of the phony war, the playing down of the might of the enemy and the heads in the sand. Then the historical record of the evacuation at the end of the line under the screeching Luftwaffe attacks.

John Mills is magnificent and lovable as the cocky little corporal who really wants to get home to his Mum, but has other odds and bobs to get home too. Ray Jackson and Fred Griffiths who moan their lot in the splendid supporting players, but it is Richard Attenborough as the spectacled shrewd type "sitting pretty" until Dunkirk who is the greatest surprise of all.

He is pathetically surprised when Bernard Lee as a war correspondent who knows a little more about what is going on and is grimly reminiscent of past blunders, lambastes him for being in a reserved occupation. After all I have a wife and young infant at home, thinks the garage owner in self-justification. But he does leave them.

These two men find themselves ferrying their small craft across the channel after difficult decisions have been made. There are some fine cameos of acting in their performances.

Meanwhile men on the beaches cowering or rushing from the relentless aerial bombardment depicted only some of the troops disorganised by the dave-bombers. Where were the units who did get back to the beaches in compact formation, despite everything?

So many scenes on the beaches were repetitive, but there were no shots of the men who dug themselves in and remained dug in with soul and body-wearying monotony for days and nights awaiting their chance to be taken off. They did not all dart from dune to dune presenting the Luftwaffe with target practice by running like terrified rabbits over stubbled corn.

Admittedly the terror and confusion was there, but in the desire for realism a more balanced picture would present some of the dogged British army discipline which persisted in individuals.

"Dunkirk" condemns the unpreparedness for war and mutes the stoic courage and sacrifice under a rich pattern of human reactions, but it is a film to see and one which will be remembered.

★  
What joy it is in these days of violent Westerns, shockers and war films to see a picture of charm and sophisticated romance.

A film in which the only harm done is another crack in the gentle heart of Joan Fontaine and a denting of the youthful arrogance of Christine Carter.

Such is "A Certain Smile," showing at the Roxy and Broadway. Better than the book, I had no impression of warmth and colour after reading Francoise Sagan's best-seller which has been acclaimed throughout the world. I didn't care to linger over its pages.

But "A Certain Smile" on film I could see again and again. Perhaps chiefly for its relaxing value. It is so pleasant to watch the performances of the four leading players. All are

polished, credible and full of charm, even when a little naughty.

The colourful sequences flow as smoothly as the river flows between the tranquil meadows bordering Christine's home town, in the Yonne Valley.

But Christine as the volatile Dominique prefers the bright lights of Paris, especially after her brother's death which endows her parents and dims the atmosphere of her flower-filled home.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

**NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE**

SHOWING

**HOOVER & PARAMOUNT:** "Dunkirk." Fine Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of the days of deliverance for many men of the British Expeditionary Forces on the beaches at Dunkirk. A war film stripped of glamour and without any indication of the miracle of the final days when the smog of the burning town and docks blanketed the survivors. The Royal Navy's sea-land mention either but the ordinary soldier is starred. John Mills at his superior best as a corporal who never wanted his stripes anyway and who brings back the remnants of his platoon left behind to demolish bridges. Richard Lee who died on the beaches among the men he was trying to save. All these are wonderful character studies and there are many others, bubbling with humour in the most desperate situations.**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "A Certain Smile." Francoise Sagan's precocious love story brought to the screen by 20th Century Fox in De Luxe Colour. Starring Rosano Brazzi, Bradford Dillman, Joan Fontaine, newcomer Christine Carter and singing favourite Johnny Mathis. Deploring a restless young girl's search for excitement and her discovery of a young boy's love and a married man's desire.**LEE & ASTOR:** "Husband Hunters." An Agatecolor Chinese historical film by Feng Huang Motion Picture Company, Hongkong. The stars are Hala Moon and Kao Yuan. A travelling acrobat and his pretty daughter (Columbia's Phoenix) are involved in

events in Hangchow where they are giving performances.

An Imperial mandate has been received that 800 at-tracting young virgins are required for the Imperial Harem from the Hangchow District. Marriage brokers are kept busy while families are arranging weddings and betrothals.

Li, an eligible bachelor, refuses a wealthy bride, because he has fallen in love with Phoenix whom he marries, but he is taken by husband-hunters to the Magistrate's Yamen. Phoenix disguised as a man goes to look for him and is also caught by the Magistrate's men. So the groom and his bride in male clothing meet in the Yamen. There is a complicated judgment decided by the Emperor's Envoy which saves the situation.

**KING'S & PRINCESS:** "High Hell." A tale of terror and temptation on the snow-capped Jungfrau in the Swiss Alps. Elaine Stewart as the glamorous woman who forces her company upon a party of five men bent in search for gold.

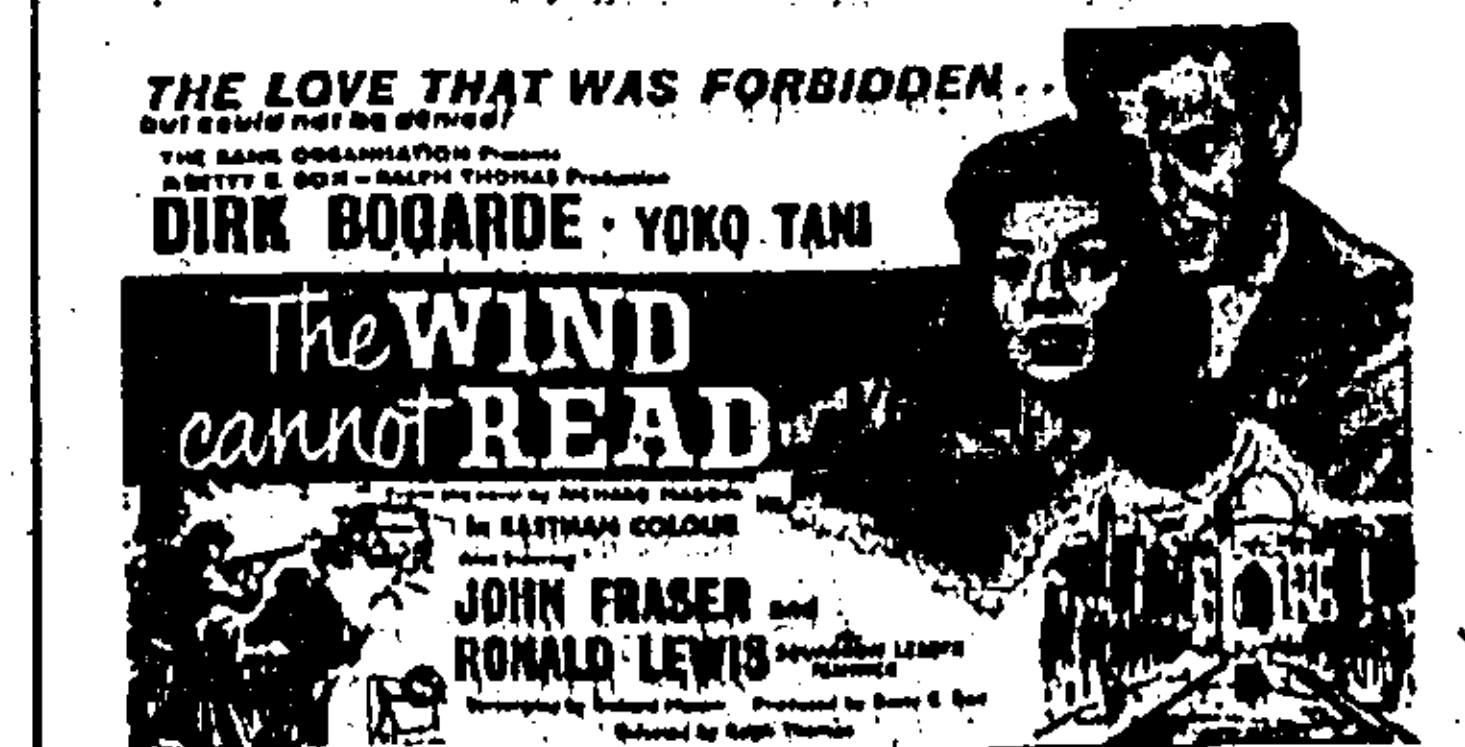
John Derek is the handsome leader of the expedition marooned by Arctic weather condition in a log cabin with a highly-charged atmosphere.

Directed by Burt Balaban, this film is full of drama and excitement.

**METROPOLE & STAR:** "War Drums." United Artists' drama of war between the Apaches and early settlers, involving what is described as the West's bloodiest massacre. Starring Lex Barker, Joan Taylor and Ben Johnson as a revenge-seeking Indian chief, a Mexican hostage and scouting frontiersman respectively.

Indian ritual dances and spectacular shots of the mountainous Utah countryside are also featured in a film which reveals the Indian viewpoint of the early Western days.

COMING

**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "Orders to Kill." An outstanding film with an almost unendurable climax. Brilliant direction by Mr. Anthony Asquith. Based upon a true incident in which an American bomber pilot accepts a special assignment to kill a Frenchman suspected of betrayal. Paul Masle (recently of Hongkong Stage Club) as the killer; Lealle French as his victim. James Robertson, Eddle Albert and Lillian Gish are also in the excellent cast.**HOOVER & PARAMOUNT:** "The Proud Rebel." Alan Ladd and Olivia de Havilland in Technicolor film of a man's search, a woman's longing and a boy and his dog. David Ladd is the 10-year-old boy and Kira, his collie sheep dog. A Western adventure story of deep human interest.**LEE & ASTOR:** "The Wind Cannot Read." Colourful romantic production by J. Arthur Rank starring Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani and Ronald Lewis, under the direction of Ralph Thomas. Location India in beautiful Eastmancolour.**WATCH FOR IT!!!**FOR  
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BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

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ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

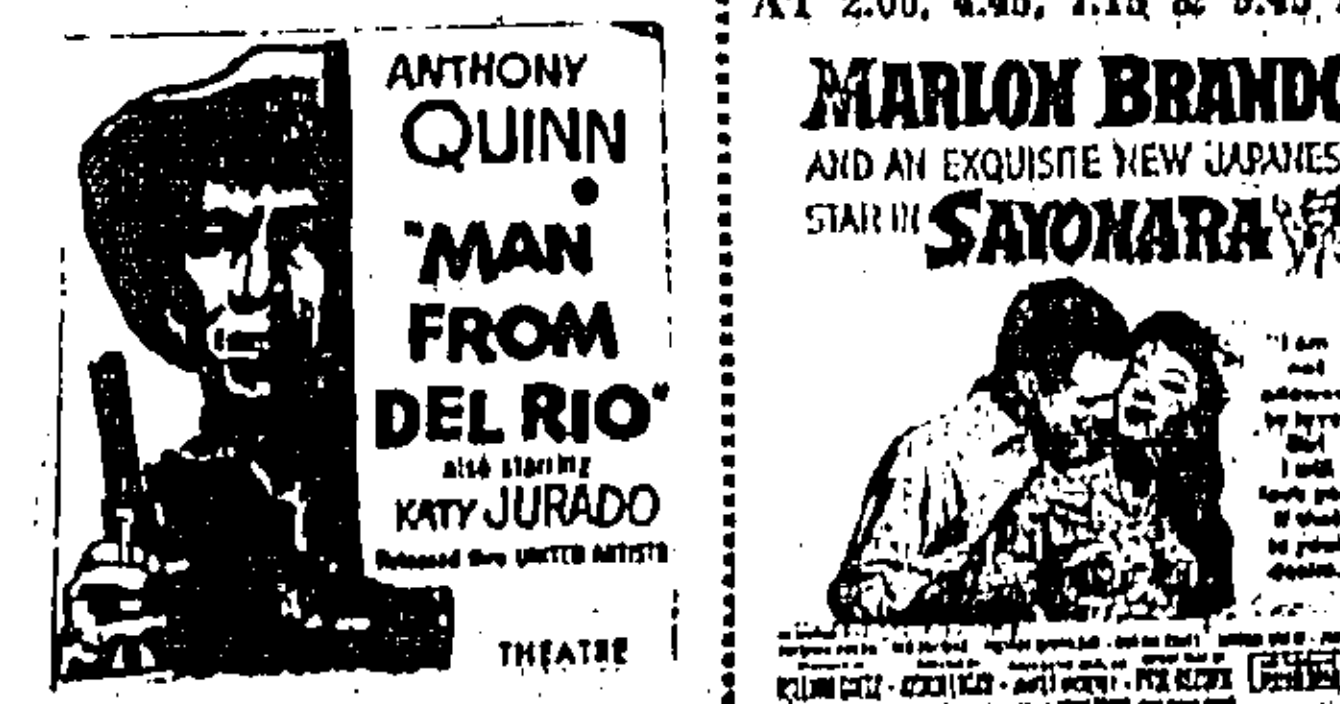
20th Century-Fox presents in Cinemascope &amp; Color

"D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

Starring: Robert TAYLOR • Richard TODD

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At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

**CAPITOL RITZ**SHOWING TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 12.30 p.m.

GLENN FORD in

"HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

in Technicolor

NOW SHOWING THE 10TH DAY!

AT 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 &amp; 9.45 P.M.

MARLON BRANDO

AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE

SIAI IN "SAYONARA"

To-morrow Special Show

At 12.10 p.m.

"JOE BUTTERFLY"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30

RICHARD WIDMARK in

"HARLAN"

Sunday Morning Show

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

# More Men Than Women Go To Films!

**PETER EVANS Reports On:**  
The Most Surprising  
Trend In  
British Entertainment

London.  
**TWO MILLION** People paid to go to the cinema every night. Who are they? For the first time since films began, showmen have taken a close-up look at their audiences and in a survey out have come up with two pretty startling results. The first is that men now outnumber women.

In every 100 cinema-goers every night there were 52 men and 48 women. This is one of the big social changes in Britain in the past 10 years.

It always used to be the women who went more often than their men to the cinema. Matinee audiences used to be largely made up of women. Now this has changed.

The second finding is that, with the emphasis now on

youngsters between 16 and 24 as the solid backbone of the cinema audience (see chart), showmen see a big hope for the future. During the next five years the bulge in the birth-rate that follows any war will sweep a powerful new audience of more than 1,000,000 to the box-offices.

I went to a cinema just outside London—the Gaumont at Watford—to see the flesh and blood behind the statistics.

As the audience filed out I picked these as typical representatives of the income groups which make up a cinema audience every night in every town:—

There was Shirley Newton, a secretary of 17, earning less than £10 a week. There are 37 in every 100 like her.

There are 15 like Ronald Simpson, a 26-year-old clerk earning less than £750. He is married with a three-year-old daughter and is saving to buy a second-hand car.

There are nine like George Bartholomew, a 38-year-old business man earning more than £750. He runs a car and is buying a house.

There are also—and this is the heartening news for films—the million-plus of The Bulge on the way.

FIVE AGES—AND NOW THEY FILL THE SEATS



33.5%



21.2%



15.6%



23.4%



6.3%

## FILM CURRENT AND COMING

(Continued from Page 2)

Apart from her brother's death, the only cloud in Dominique's sky is the prospect of meeting her future mother-in-law, an ambitious mother possessive of her son. Bertrand who is a fellow student of Dominique's at the Sorbonne.

Bertrand enlists the aid of his uncle Luc (Rossino Brazzi) a handsome philanthropist with a delightful wife, Françoise, who mothers the captivating young girl with warm sympathy and understanding.

Luc finds Dominique captivating too but kisses her in a different way, so she loses interest in Bertrand. Subsequently Bertrand is only picked up and restored to favour whenever Dominique tries to resist her situation for Luc.

Her sudden capitulation and romantic idyll on the Riviera ("I have never seen the sea" she says) is picturesque and aesthetically beautiful. The accounting afterwards is dramatic and startling. Especially when a remorseful Luc carries a faint-

ing mistress into his wife's bedroom for her attention.

All very modern but none-the-less a tense situation for the participants.

It is possible to forget that Brazzi is Italian, his Continental insouciance is quite at home in Paris. Bradford Dillman, full of youthful exuberance to match Dominique's moods, is equally attractive.

To match Christine Carère's brilliant American screen debut, Joan Fontaine gives a portrayal of pure delight and to my mind steals the acting honours.

★

**"HUSBAND Hunters"** showing at the Lee and Astor had a successful gala preview on Wednesday evening.

This is a colourful Feng Huang motion picture featuring lovely Hsin Moon with Kuo Yuan and Li Ching in an historical tale of the Hangchow District.

A travelling acrobat attracts custom by using his pretty and agile young daughter in his act and she is coveted by a handsome scholar, Li, who seeks to make her acquaintance.

With solemn style the Envoy arrives with an Imperial mandate that 800 attractive young virgins are required for the Imperial Harem.

The Hangchow population is shocked and marriage brokers are kept busy while efforts are made to marry off eligible girls. Of course the young bachelors are in demand and Li becomes the target of many son-in-law hunters.

Chang the acrobat is successful and marries Li in secret to his daughter Tsai, but the newlyweds are separated and each are pursued by marriage brokers not knowing their marital status.

This is a gay film than the usual historical drama, there are colourful disguises and complicated situations, but young love wins the day and a justifiable judgment.

## I'm Not Surprised

by  
**ANNE EDWARD**

SO the film world seems taken aback over its discovery that nowadays more men than women go to the pictures.

Well, it may surprise them—but isn't this the clue to making people who already enjoy films enjoy them more?

★ ★ ★  
Last week the four main new films were a problem story

about a neurotic film star, two war films, and one light comedy. It is a diet that clearly suits the men. It would suit women better if the roles were reversed to three light comedies to one problem picture.

It is not that women do not care about political problems, and racial problems, and psychological problems, and delinquent problems. It is just that we see enough about them elsewhere. At the pictures we should like a break.

More Peter Sellers, please, and less Method. More of the Sinatra who makes sick, sexy music like "Put Joey" and less of the Sinatra who made "The Kings Go Forth." Fewer crazy mixed-up kids, and more crazy mixed-up comedians. I would not cross the road to see Natalie Wood struggling with the Negro problem or the

## A Mother Faces Prison To Keep Dog Alive

London.  
**A YOUNG** mother may have to go to gaol indefinitely because an Akita dog, Lassie, is still living.

An M.P., Mr Jocelyn Lucas (Portsmouth South) said: "The letter of the law is being carried out ridiculously." These are the facts of the case...

Ruby Bowring, 23, of Heads-well-crescent, Bournemouth, owned the two-year-old Lassie. But Lassie chased motor-cycles, and Bournemouth court ordered her to destroy the dog.

Instead, she gave the dog to the Ferns Animal Sanctuary at Shaftesbury, Dorset, without



**LASSIE**

"Well-behaved now."

telling the superintendent, Miss Mollie Atherton, about the court order.

Lassie Atherton grew fond of Lassie and made a pet of her. Lassie, in her new surroundings, became well behaved.

Last week, at Bournemouth, Ruby Bowring was fined £20—£1 for each of the last 30 days the dog has lived—for disobeying the magistrates' order to destroy Lassie.

"What can I do?" she said. "Miss Atherton won't give me the dog back now. I can't carry out the order. If I go to prison what will happen to my daughter?"

### Personal pets

The clerk to the magistrates said: "You must deal with Miss Atherton yourself. Default of payment could mean imprisonment. Each day the dog lives you can be fined £1."

Lassie is among three dogs and 16 cats which elderly Miss Atherton keeps as personal pets apart from scores of others kept at her animal sanctuary.

"No one is going to take Lassie away to be destroyed," said Miss Atherton. "The police have no power to enter my sanctuary to seize Lassie."

"She is such a lovely well-behaved dog now that it is ridiculous her life should be threatened."

In March the court fined Ruby Bowring £28... 10s. a day for 55 days. That fine was paid by the Canine Defence League. But a tongue official said: "We shall be paying no more fines."

## The Great Hygienic Gamble

London.  
**THE** sandwich and meat pie are still a hygienic gamble in Britain, the Medical Press, a professional weekly, said, criticising food sale conditions.

"It is extraordinary that the hygiene of so many of our biggest and best metropolitan stores still remains so primitive," it added.

"It seems to be futile to protest at the way in which so much of our food, especially joints of meat, are hung in the open."

"In many countries which we would be proud to hear described as more civilised than our own, this would be regarded as primitive if not barbaric."—China Mail Special.

## UNUSUAL PLAYMATES INTRIGUE PASSERS-BY



"Don't look at us like that," says four-month-old Eenie the bulldog. "What's so strange about having Tubby for a playmate? She is only a lioness. Go away and leave us in peace while we wait for our mistress."

But the passers-by were fascinated and gathered around Mrs R. G. Bills' car in a busy street in Melbourne, Australia. Mrs Bills who owns the two animals, says they are inseparable.



"I suppose you've been to the pictures again?"

Jewish problem, but I would walk 10 miles to see Judy Holliday laugh.

Nothing could get me to a film about drink, drugs and decline, or war and sadism.

Nothing can keep me away from a film like "Indiscreet," about a beautiful woman dressed in Paris gowns who is courted by a handsome man in a dinner jacket, enjoys with diamonds and yachts, dines elegantly in expensive places, and zips around in a Rolls-Royce driven by a liveried chauffeur.

★ ★ ★  
After all, it is a film in the great Hollywood tradition. It belongs up there with Carole Lombard and Fredric March, Myrna Loy and William Powell, Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, polished, daffy escapades of the thirties. The times were sad then too. But for an hour or two these films could bring a woman glamour, romance, and gaiety.

★ ★ ★  
I'll agree there's already a dozen good reasons for going to the pictures, anyway—but please! appreciate the glamour, eliminate the grim.

After all, if I wanted to see a slut in a fish queue, or a couple of juvenile delinquents in the making, or a brawl in a pub, I should take a steamy tube down Elephant and Castle way.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: That's no way to behave at a wedding! Howls from four-year-old bridesmaid Carol Royal at a London wedding recently after she stubbed her toe. Actress Jackie Collins, also a bridesmaid, comforts her. The wedding was that of Gordon Bandon, England Rugby trialist, and Adrienne Scott.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Miss Katherine Worsley, English girl who is frequently escorted by the Duke of Kent (there are rumours of romance), is snapped in Taormina, Sicily, where she is currently on holiday.



ABOVE: Edinburgh Festival ballet dancers take a break during rehearsals at Edinburgh's Empire Theatre, relax as only ballet dancers know how.

## EXPRESS PHOTOS



ABOVE: A visitor to the London Food Fair is served with some braised bamboo shoots, a great Chinese delicacy, from some Chinese lasses who themselves qualify as delicacies.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Sherriff, two of Britain's West Country farmers, survey their rain-sodden corn crop. If the rains continue more than 75 per cent of the corn crop in the country will be ruined—and even now, half the harvest may be written off.

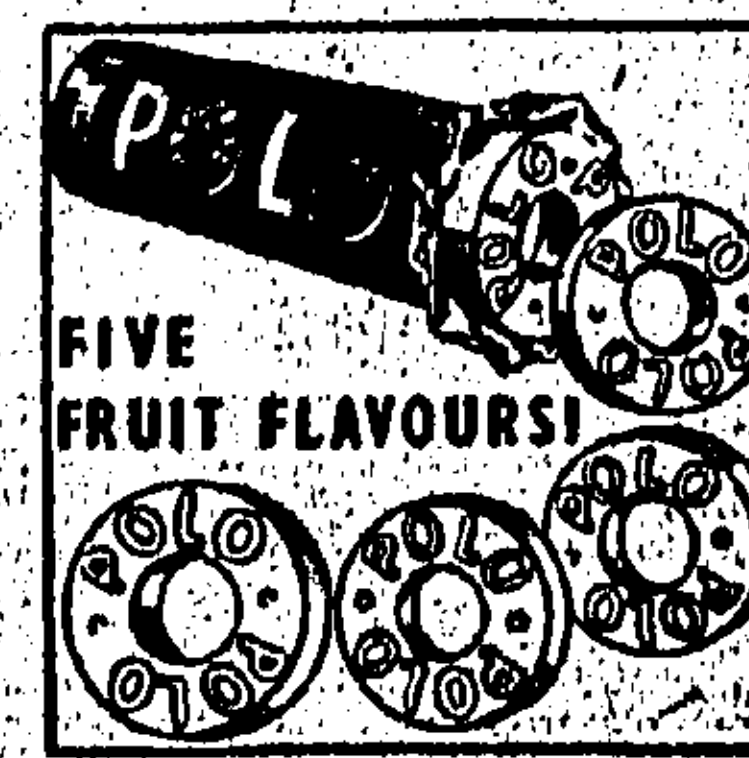
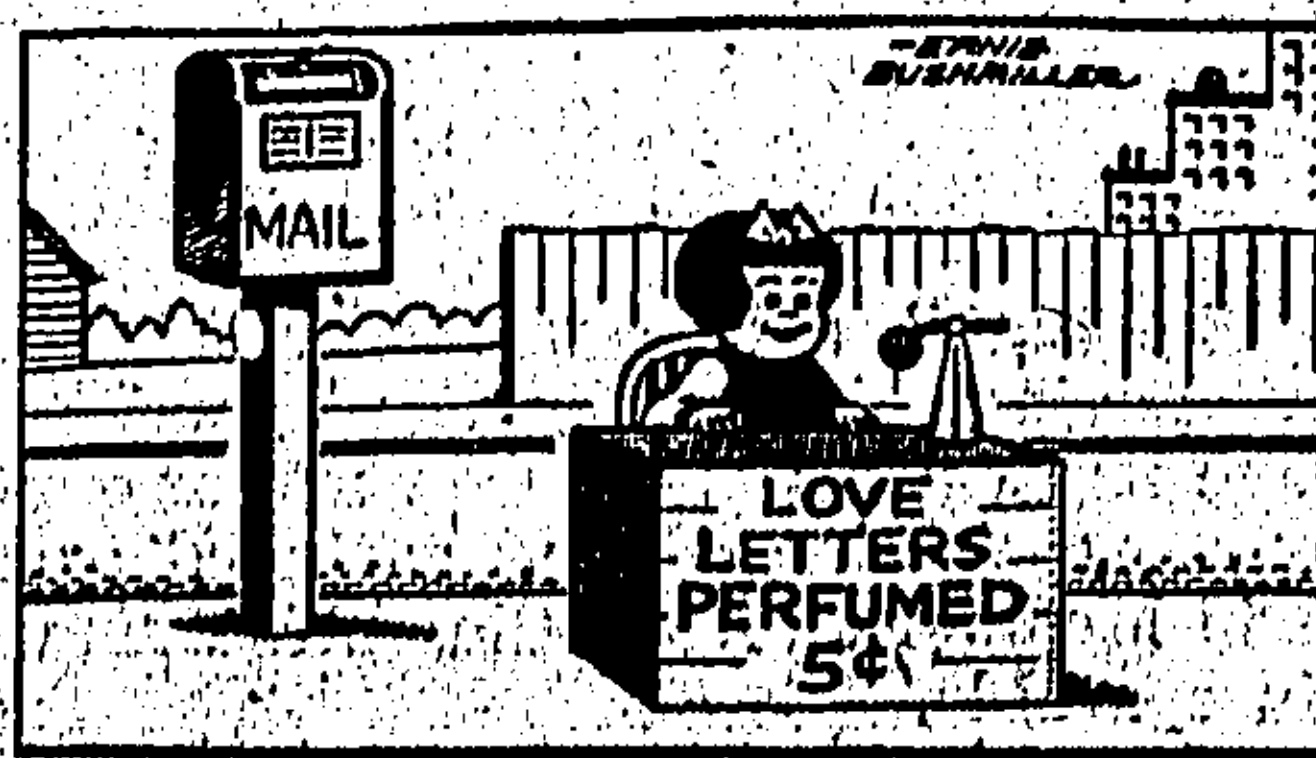
BELOW: Sir Donald Campbell, who hopes to become the fastest man on land and water, seen with his chief mechanic looking at a prototype of his new racing car in the wind-tunnel where it is undergoing high-speed tests.



LEFT: A bacteriologist opens two tins of emergency rations issued during the 1899 Boer War period. One contained cocoa and the other concentrated beef. In both cases neither the food nor the tins seemed to have deteriorated in any noticeable way.

ABOVE: The premiere of "Nor the Moon by Night", a film with an African background which stars Belinda Lee, was held recently in London. Seen is actress Yvonne Buckingham playing the tom-toms with dancer Galla Rue.

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



## Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



**NGAN TSUK:** A cheque in Hongkong Cantonese. The second element is "borrowed" from the English word cheque.

**NING MUNG:** Lemon, in Hongkong Cantonese, "borrowed" from English as is lychee from Cantonese. Initial l- and n- are interchangeable in many Chinese dialects.

**NULLAH:** A stream, water-course (often man-made). This is another of the Anglo-Indian words which have become assimilated in the English used in Hongkong. It is the Hindi nala, brook. The Oxford Dictionary notes that it occurs in Halted, Code Gentoo Laws 52, 1776: When the water falls in all the Nullahs. In the Life of Sir C. Napier, II, p.310, 1843, the author objects to the use of loan-words such as this: "... our march tardy because of the nullahs. Watercourses is the right name but we get here a slip-slop way of writing quite contemptible."

**NUMBER ONE:** Very good, first class, etc. Pidgin English seems to have imitated the Cantonese construction. Later it was borrowed back into Cantonese as nam pa wan. This reminds me of the French fleurier which became flit in English and returned to France as flitter. The Pidgin word was also written numpa one, lumber one, etc. Giles records the phrase Dat tea belongs numpa one, that tea is best. He also mentions that a Chinese servant, being asked if a certain person lived in the house, replied, "Hab got top-side that numpa one usly English lawyer, all same so-fashion," "accompanying the description with a significant grimace."

**OKRA:** The vegetable pod Hibiscus esculentus. Its name varies throughout the English-speaking world. It is the gumbo of parts of the United States of America and the West Indies.

**OH TA:** Order. Another loan from English in Hongkong Cantonese. It is presumably as necessary as amah, shroff and coiffe in the English spoken in Hongkong.

**ON SZ:** Ounce, in Hongkong Cantonese; a necessary loan perhaps, since the ounce was not a traditional Chinese weight. English borrowed catty from Malayian indirectly through Indo-Portuguese for similar reasons.

**OSSOI OSSOTY:** Be quick! Make haste! Listed by Lealand. I should be grateful for information on these words from those readers who correspond with me on words published in this column.

**PADDY:** Rice in the husk. This word is well-known to most English-speakers. It occurs so often alone and in compounds (paddy-fields, paddy-bird) in local conversation that I felt that readers might be interested to know that it is of Malayian origin.

**PAKKA:** Genuine, proper. This word is well known in modern colloquial English, especially among British army officers. Giles seems to have thought it odd when he records it for Anglo-Chinese at the end of the last century. It was general in Anglo-Indian and is the Hindi ripe, cooked, genuine, proper. According to Giles the opposite eutcha was never used in China. It was however once fashionable in these parts to speak of a pakka pony or a pakka fool.

**PAMPANO:** This fish is Trachinotus blechii to the zoologist and Wong Lap Chong (yellow wax pomfret) to local fishermen. Herkules and Lin say it's worth eating all the year round.

**PAPAYA:** This fruit like its name comes from the Greater Antilles. In other English-speaking areas—it is called pawpaw.

**PA TA:** Party in local Cantonese. English borrowed mikado from Japanese and cheung sham from Cantonese in the same way.

**PA SZ:** Bus. This loan from English is even written up in Chinese characters at Hongkong bus-stops.

**PA SZ:** A convenient loan for "pass". Used in Hongkong Cantonese.

**FAT LANN TEI:** Another loan. It is the local Cantonese word for Brandy.

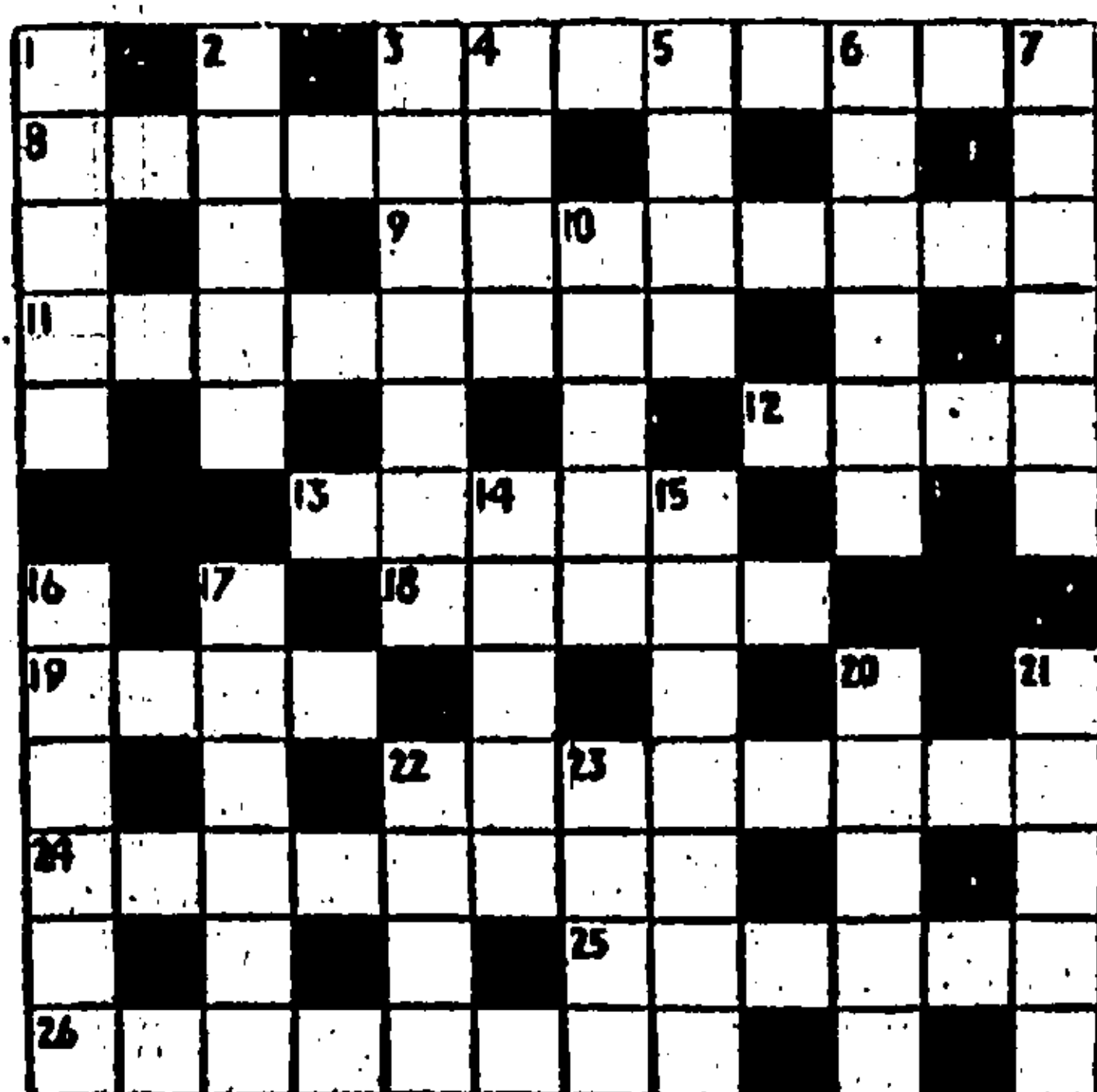
**PAY:** In Pidgin this word often means give, bring, deliver or transfer. My pay he is "I give him".

**PEACOCK:** An old word meaning "to call on ladies" ("as implying a more elegant costume than usual"—Giles) It was brought to China from India where it was much used.

**PIGUL:** "A man's load" or 100 catties or 133-1/3 lbs. avoidupois. In Packer's version of Medoz's History of China, the phrase one pigul of rice appears.

**PIDGIN:** An old word believed to be the English word business in disguise. Some have attempted to derive it from Portuguese occupacao. It appears in well-known compounds such as loach-pidgin, religion, superstition; chow-chow-pidgin, eating, cooking; larn-pidgin, love-pidgin, etc. Sham and humbug are play-pidgin. Giles quotes an item from the Hongkong Daily Press of 4th Oct, 1877 which records that "a second man had to be flogged, and a different officer had to flog him. This second officer's physique was not by any means equal to that of the first, and the blows came down with far less force. He was consequently voted not up to his pidgin."

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- 3 Hanger-on (8).  
8 Was abusive (6).  
9 Does he give the latest news about stout? (8).  
11 Vast sums for melodies (8).  
12 In the near future (4).  
13 Born in South Africa (5).  
18 Domino colour (5).  
19 Delall (4).  
22 Impoverished (8).  
24 Silent observer among Jews (8).  
25 Aim high—at a steeple? (8).  
26 To be found in theatres and kitchens (8).

### DOWN

- 1 Nautical cunning? (5).  
2 High hat joint (5).  
3 Reading (7).  
4 Port overseas (4).  
5 Biblical name (4).  
6 Sing in harmony (6).  
7 Wandering like a knight? (6).  
10 This calls for some foolwork (8).  
14 Cat-walk? (5).  
15 Bounty (a big ship, too) (7).  
16 Clear as a stream? (6).  
17 Chaps grow old here, obviously (6).  
20 Weight in wood (5).  
21 No work for him (5).  
22 Pieces for horses (4).  
23 Engine tackle? (4).

**FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.**—Across: 3 Fresh Air, 7 Inure, 8 Vestment, 10 Chisel, 13 Secures, 15 Lisa, 17 Valiant, 18 Cabaret, 20 Onet, 21 Nibbles, 26 Resort, 27 Articles, 28 Trifle, 29 Dingdongs. Down: 1 Discs, 2 Music, 3 Fever, 4 Sole, 5 Am-Elia, 6 Rat-lat, 9 Eleven, 11 Ho-man, 12 Sugar, 14 Saddle, 15 Limbs, 16 Sneeze, 18 Coward, 19 Benton, 22 Bests, 23 Louis, 24 Stew, 25 Ache.



"The MCC sacking Wardle for saying rude things is one thing—sacking the Vicar for calling us a bunch of incompetent silly mid-ons in his Parish Magazine is another."

## SECRET AGENT

# "Impossible!" War Office Scoffed

WHEN HE REVEALED GERMAN'S ORDER OF BATTLE

MEN and women become spies for various reasons—love of country; lust for money; craving for imagined power; and, very occasionally, for love of adventure.

By

Lt.-Colonel John Baker White

It was love of country and hatred of oppression that made "X" become a spy, but he was in one respect unique.

He had no chief. No government ever gave him an order. No government ever paid him for his information. He was his own boss, with his own team of men and women volunteers dedicated to fighting from the inside—first Communism, then Nazism and Fascism, then Communism again.

And there was no nonsense about their being "on the inside."

Three were members of Communist Parties. Two belonged to the Nazi Party; two others to pro-Nazi organisations in Britain; another to Mosley's Blackshirts. Another was inside the sinister Capoguardia, the "hooded men" organisation in France.

"X" himself was, at the same time, a member of a Communist "front" organisation and Director of Intelligence of the first Fascist movement in Britain.

Before forming what was known as "Section D," he carried on a one-man war against Communism. He discovered the secret printing plant used for producing the illegal paper "The Soldier's Voice," and pin-pointed its distributors. He reported to the authorities.

Later, the paper ceased publication—and an M.C.O. in the Royal Corps of Signals at Aldershot left the Army in a hurry.

### SECRET SERVICE

Still feeling his way, "X" went to Germany and studied the Communist Party there, especially the working of the underground carrier system. He went on writing reports, and started to recruit Section D. One of its first members was a skilled engineer and an ex-boxer; another an engine-driver, a third a young actress.

Then one day "X" was asked to visit an office in the Adelphi, off London's Strand, and he was surprised to discover how much the British Secret Service knew about him.

They offered him a job. He refused, replying "I'm better on my own." Soon afterwards he got married.

A little later he made another discovery. His wife persuaded him to grow a moustache, and then he found that by shaving it off, and changing his clothes, he could alter his appearance very materially. From then on, he cultivated a dual personality.

Blue-eyed, of medium height and build, marked only by his powerful shoulders—a legacy of his boxing-shoulder fighting days—he became the clean-shaven, ruddy-faced country gentleman touring Europe with his good-looking wife.

Alternatively with moustache, black hat, immaculate London clothes, he could look like a Guardia officer in uniform or a Foreign Office official. A countryman born and bred, he could talk of country affairs and farm-

ing. And he knew all the gossip of Whitehall.

In 1945, he read the files the Gestapo had built up on him. The one from the Dusseldorf office had a photograph of him without his moustache. The other, from Karlsruhe, had one of him with his moustache. The accompanying descriptions were materially different. But both contained the sentence, "A very dangerous man."

From 1933 to 1938, helped by the Section D members who belonged to the anti-Nazi Freedom Front, as well as to the Nazi Party, "X" built up the picture of Hitler's political machine and German rearmament, as well as of the growing Fifth Column in Britain. At the same time he continued to operate inside the network of international Communism.

In 1934, he had several sharp reminders that he was up against the Soviet Secret Police—the ruthless OGPU.

### BY ROADSIDE

Early one morning one of the oldest members of Section D was found dead by the side of the Newcastle-to-York road, the mangled remains of his motorcycle on top of him. Two months later, another member of the section died in almost exactly the same way on the London-Oxford road.

In both cases the coroner brought in a verdict of accidental death. "X" had different ideas, but no proof.

In the summer of that year D 34 was poisoned in Frankfurt, and had to spend three months in hospital.

Just before Christmas "X" was in Paris. While he was waiting in the evening rush-hour outside the Hotel Lutetia in Montparnasse, someone tried to push him under a bus. Battle was joined.

In 1934, "X" realised he must do something to get nearer to the top of the Nazi movement. So he started writing articles and giving lectures about the new Germany. They were objective, but had always a slight pro-Nazi slant.

### A GUEST

The Reich Propaganda Ministry took the fly and "X" was invited by them to tour Germany as a guest of the government.

Ribbentrop welcomed him to the Embassy in London, his social attaché and accomplished political spy, Fitzrandolph Wined and dined him. With his wife "X" was an honoured guest at the 1936 Nazi Congress at Nuremberg.

All the time he was building up the picture of the Nazi machine, and of the Fifth Column in Britain.

In 1937, as a Territorial officer, he made an official application to do an attachment to the German Army. It was granted. "X" knew he was taking a calculated risk. If the Gestapo caught up with him on the Rhine, he realised the real purpose of his visit, the British visitor

would be the victim of an unfortunate "accident" in the field. He would return home feet-first with full military honours and a large wreath from the Third Reich.

### SAW REHEARSAL

But the gamble paid off. "X" spent a month on the staff of the Fourth Army, at Leipzig, and watched General von Reichenau rehearse the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

When he got home he presented a full report to the War Office, including details of four new weapons he had seen. A casual young officer dismissed them in a half-sentence: "Probably mock-ups, old boy."

When "X" was posted to the War Office in 1940 on technical intelligence, he tried to find the 50 or more long reports he had sent in on German weapons and formations. There was no trace of them.

Some months later, despairing of official reaction, he gave the press the inside story of the Nazi Fifth Column in Britain. It created something of a sensation. Questions were asked in Parliament.

Two Germans left for home in a hurry of their own accord, and two more on a Home Office order. The Fifth Column was not smashed, but its head had been cut off.

### ESCAPED GESTAPO

In May 1938 the Gestapo struck back.

With his wife "X," the gentleman farmer, went to Germany at the invitation of the Nazi Minister of Agriculture, Darré to inspect some experimental farms. He also intended to contact the two German members of Section D.

D 29 kept his appointment and handed over a vital report on the German Order of Battle. But when "X" went to the Weimars in Dusseldorf to meet D 41, he saw that the building was under observation.

The trap was set; but "X" did not walk into it. He drove back to his hotel, and told his wife to pack. As they drove away, two car-loads of Gestapo men drew up at the hotel entrance. They got across the frontier into Luxembourg with two hours to spare.

A week later, the ashes of D 41 were delivered to his widow by the Gestapo.

When "X" handed in the Order of Battle at the War Office, he was told: "This is impossible. They just haven't got the arms."

"X" did not go to Germany again. When war came he served first with his regiment in Kent until transferred to Intelligence. The members of Section D followed their own route of service.

After the war, those who were left met in London and counted the price—D 5 killed—on the road from Boulogne to Lyons fight-



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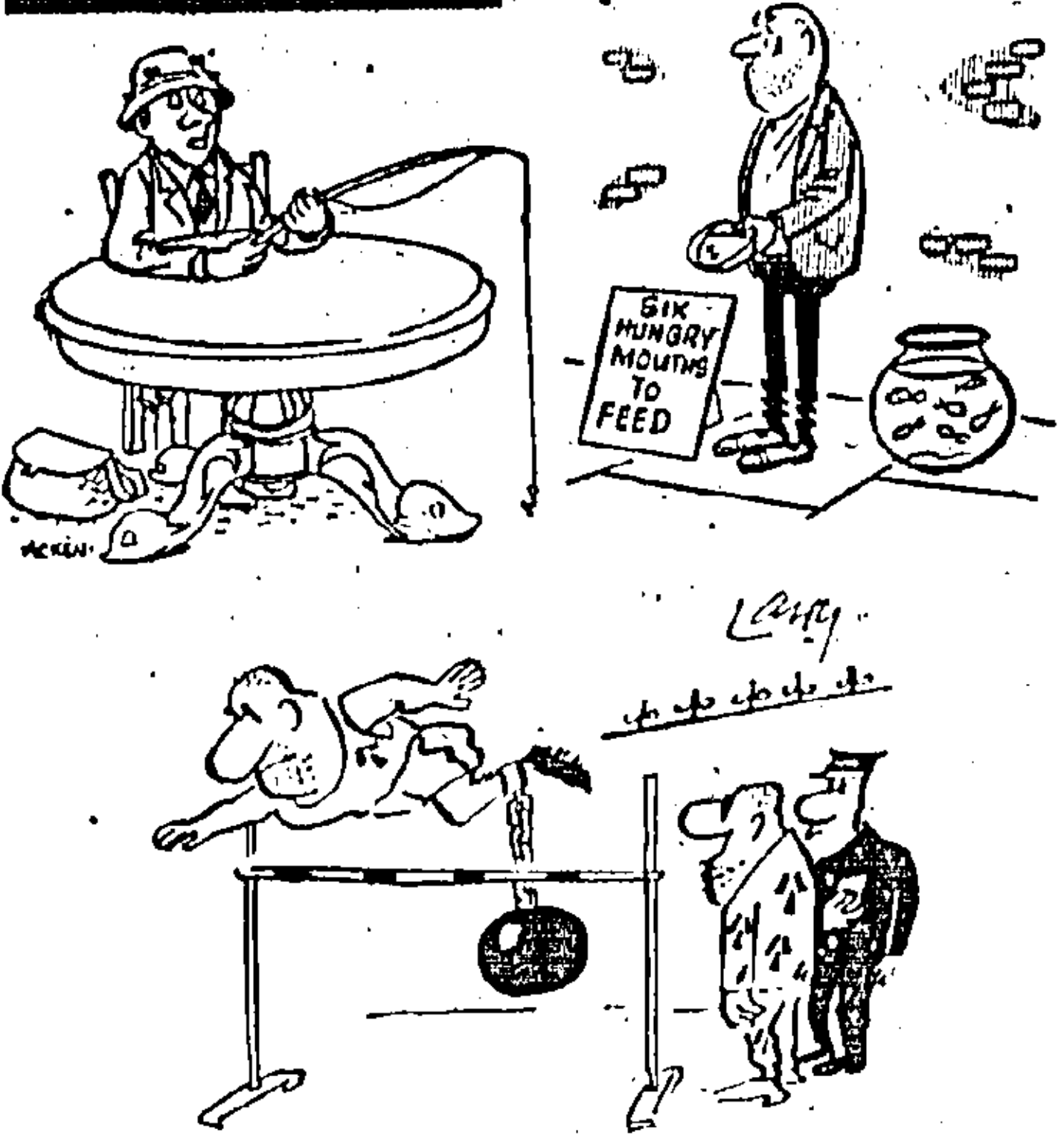
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## ZANIES



30

**THIRTY** years of talkies have produced a heady cocktail of milestones, miracles, follies and oddities. Keeping to the same recipe, here is a specimen collection:

★ The first talkie was said to have been made by D. W. Griffith, who began just about everything else in films. Its name, *Dream Street*. Date: 1929. It failed. Nobody would invest in sound.

★ The film that put sound into big business and voiceless stars out of business was *The Jazz Singer*, with Al Jolson. In fact, it was only partly sound. **THE first complete talkie was Warner's *The Terror*—after Edgar Wallace—made in October 1928.**

★ The first British talking picture was Alfred Hitchcock's *Blackmail* of 1929. Just to play safe, he made a silent version too.

★ In 1928, talking pictures were announced at the Rialto in London, and the New Oxford, Manchester. Effects advertised included "songs, battle sounds, baying hounds and the roar of a mighty river."

★ First British sound system gave a demonstration at the Piccadilly in December, 1928. Films included *A Fascinating Vamp*, *Zulu Love* and *A Snowman's Romance*. First all sound studio was built by Fox Movietone at Hollywood. Cost: £2,000,000.

★ The French Musicians Union banned its members from recording for talkies. They argued it would lead to unemployment. "A worse menace than radio," said a spokesman.

★ First full-length feature was *The Squaw Man*. Made for £3,000, it earned £50,000. Director: Cecil B. de Mille.

★ Cecil de Mille also contributed the plot of them all, *The Ten Commandments*. Scoreboard: 53 actors, 488 speaking parts, 100 dancers, 47 master sets, 950,000 feet of film, 11,200 pounds of nails, 1,540 tons of plaster, 4,700 gallons of paint, 2,400 tons of soil (dyed). Cost: £4,500,000, or 1,000,000 dollars per Commandment. In four and a half months, ten million Americans saw it.

★ On meeting Sir Winston Churchill, C.B., was quoted as saying: "I'd rather shake hands with you, Sir Winston, than with any other living being." Churchill replied: "In that case, pray shake hands again."

★ The Robe, the first Cinemascope production, netted the highest gross receipts for the first week of a new film. At the Roxy Theatre, 1943. New York. It brought in 1,023,220 in seven days.

★ The man who has appeared in more films than any other actor is American Samuel Hinnis. His score—150 pictures. His British counterpart was Sir C. Aubrey Smith, with a total of 82.

★ No turtle more than 95 years old may work on a picture, according to the American Guild of Animal Artists. Basic wages for dumb animals laid down by the Guild include £17 a week for one appearance, twice that much if the "actor" is asked to bark, miaow, moo, neigh or chirp. The Guild insists on fortnightly holidays for its members.

★ A member of Parliament, fearing Americanisation of the English language through the flood of American talking pictures, asked The Board of Trade to limit them coming into the country. The plea failed. Chucks!

★ The first British film with sequences of dialogue was *Kitty*, a 1930 production starring John Stuart and Estelle Brody.

★ Two of the cinema's most hardy characters—the cowboy and Tarzan. First Western was *The Virginian*. The hero: Gary Cooper, with Walter Huston as the bad man.

★ So far, Tarzan has grunted and swung through 31 pictures, worn out eleven heroes. The first, and only, professional actor was Almie Lincoln in 1916. The most famous swimmer Johnny Weissmuller, collected 39 sprint titles, including Olympic medals in 1924 and 1928.

★ Tarzan stories have been translated into 57 languages. Moral: Uh! he's the same the whole world over.

★ First two-reel cartoon, made in 1937, had a two-reel title: *Popeye the Sailor meets Sinbad the Sailor*.

★ When Jean Harlow, the blonde Bombshell, died in 1937 they sang *Indian Love Call* at her funeral. The

# How Long Now Before The Age Of The 'Feelies'?

**THE Brave New World of the cinema, prophesied with gloomy foreboding by Aldous Huxley in 1932, is already here.**

Technically the film that "feels" and "tastes," the film that stretches from corner to corner of the proscenium arch, the film with booming sound and colour that lives—all these things are either here already or planned for tomorrow by an industry repelling the invasion of television.

**ALREADY THE CINEMA HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO TREMENDOUS TECHNIQUES—AND STILL THE MARCH OF PROGRESS GOES ON...**

With Sight came Sound, played on a gramophone record to synchronise, hopefully, with the action. In one step The Jazz Singer put the voiceless star on perdition.

**NEW RACE**  
With Sound came Colour, to show Hedy Lamarr, wrapped in a sari, leaning against a legendary palm tree. Suddenly the world was thrown open to a new race—cameramen and their directors. The great outdoors were filled with their cries of "shoot," "cut" and "roll 'em." Petrified by six years of war and threatened with the new phenomenon of television, the cinema produced the wide screen to bolster up the box-office. The Monroe—Mansfield school, huge in dimensions, terrifying in its immediacy, was thrown into the stalls.

Today, the cinema has given birth to new techniques and a new language. CinemaScope, Todd-AO, Cine-

**REVOLUTION**  
All the ingenuity of the laboratory, all the inventiveness of the technician, plus the vast financial resources of the film companies have been combined to bring about a revolution which in a few years has turned last year's pictures into museum pieces, and the museum pieces into historical relics.

Once David Wark Griffith and a cameraman—just the two of them—made a complete picture. Today it takes 100 trained people to do the same thing, and the result may cost a million or more pounds.

The cinema, once the handmaiden of the box camera, has grown into a big, sophisticated girl with characteristically feminine qualities of being both seductive and entertaining, glamorous, and at certain appointed times, revealing.

But the story has only just begun.

Technically, with the help of electronic impulses and odour jets, cinema audiences can be brought both the dust of the prairie and the searing heat of an inferno. Pictures can be made to both "feel" and "smell," but it is unlikely that they ever will. "A stunt, a gimmick that cannot last" is the general opinion.

The industry has other plans up its sleeve. In the giant laboratories of 20th Century Fox, engineers have been working on a new process called Eidophor, whose chief claim is that it does away with film and projected cameras altogether. Based on a Swiss invention, it is best described as large-screen television, in colour and Hi-Fi.

Research has already reached the "commercial point." Reports are enthusiastic, and executives in Britain expect to demonstrate their latest brainchild in a year or two.

"Live variety shows on a big screen, in Hi-Fi, colour and comfort." That is the future of the cinema, say Mr. J. F. Pattinson, managing director of 20th Century Fox in Britain, sees it.

"Exactly the same number of people who went to the cinema



Jack Cardiff, Britain's top cameraman, behind the Technirama camera.

In 1939—that's 20 million—go to the movies today," he says, "and the cinema habits of the younger generation have not changed."

**COMPULSION**  
What has changed is the idea behind the cinema, from one of showing to one of compulsion. Instead of seeing a film the audience is now made to feel its impact, to be dragged into the set along with the actors.

Producers today throw their pictures into the audience, rattle the cinematographer with gunfire, bombard him with colour, bring his eyesight with panoramic effects, and always strive for what the trade calls "audience participation."

Where will it end? Can we expect, in the next 10 years, to take our psychiatrists into a couch-filled planetarium and allow ourselves to be enveloped in sound, sight and colour projected on to a domed ceiling?

**ADVANTAGE**  
Jack Cardiff, Britain's top cameraman and the photographer of *Western Approaches*, *African Queen*, *War and Peace* and *Red Shoes*, is not so frightened of "smellies" and "feelies" as his executive colleagues.

"I think they must come in, just to add two more colours to

"Then I would like to see a screen which goes beyond the proscenium arch, beyond the range of the human eye," he says.

"Ultimately, I think we will be making films for wide-screen slot television. That is, we will be doing two kinds of work for both the cinema and television. But directing pictures has become a tough job. It is so expensive nowadays that the man in charge must know exactly what he is doing. There is no room for experiment. To make a picture today is to perform a miracle. The producer must be a poker player, the director must be an expert."

"The cinema is the biggest paradox of our time," says Cardiff. "It has so much goodness to offer, and such power that it could create a new religion or implant a certain code of conduct if it wished. Yet it also possesses a great deal of evil."

"The terrible danger, is that with all the advances in the technical field, the scripts are not keeping pace. If we are going to be able to draw audiences into the action we portray, we must ensure that what we show is good and worthwhile."

**MARK CHRISTIE**

## RESEARCH BY JOHN CASTLE

★ "A look of pain shoots across the elephant's face" was a script writer's instruction in the film, *It's Spring Again*. Another instruction read: "A light of determination is in her eyes." Problem: How to create facial expressions on a dead-pan elephant. The question was solved by spraying the animal with glycerine and holding a bright chromium ball in front of its face.

★ "Oscar," the annual award given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, was named by its executive secretary, Mrs Margaret Herrick. "It reminds me of my Uncle Oscar," she said. The name stuck.

The golden statues are 10 inches, weigh seven pounds, have a bronze interior and gold plate exterior. Each award costs £35. The first was given in 1929.

★ Walt Disney has won more of them than any other man. His collection totals 24. Two cartoon characters have collected seven between them since their names—Tom and Jerry.

★ No turtle more than 95 years old may work on a picture, according to the American Guild of Animal Artists. Basic wages for dumb animals laid down by the Guild include £17 a week for one appearance, twice that much if the "actor" is asked to bark, miaow, moo, neigh or chirp. The Guild insists on fortnightly holidays for its members.

★ A member of Parliament, fearing Americanisation of the English language through the flood of American talking pictures, asked The Board of Trade to limit them coming into the country. The plea failed. Chucks!

★ The first British film with sequences of dialogue was *Kitty*, a 1930 production starring John Stuart and Estelle Brody.

★ Two of the cinema's most hardy characters—the cowboy and Tarzan. First Western was *The Virginian*. The hero: Gary Cooper, with Walter Huston as the bad man.

★ So far, Tarzan has grunted and swung through 31 pictures, worn out eleven heroes. The first, and only, professional actor was Almie Lincoln in 1916. The most famous swimmer Johnny Weissmuller, collected 39 sprint titles, including Olympic medals in 1924 and 1928.

★ Tarzan stories have been translated into 57 languages. Moral: Uh! he's the same the whole world over.

★ First two-reel cartoon, made in 1937, had a two-reel title: *Popeye the Sailor meets Sinbad the Sailor*.

★ When Jean Harlow, the blonde Bombshell, died in 1937 they sang *Indian Love Call* at her funeral. The

Wind made £12 million at the box office.

★ It was nearly three years before they began "shoot-ing" the film. First to be signed for a part was Margaret Tallichet. After waiting two years she bought up her contract, married William Wyler instead.

London Express Service

★ John Gilbert, put out of talkies because of a squeak in his voice, continued to earn £2,000 a week as a victim of sound movies, until his contract expired.

★ Marilyn Miller, who died in 1936, was given a contract for two musicals. The terms: £40,000 a picture.

IN 1935 Hollywood columnist were asking the question, "Are musicals doomed?" Their verdict: "Yes."

★ When Clark Gable celebrated his birthday on set, the film unit gave him a cake. Inscribed on it: "To the world's greatest actor—Robert Taylor."

★ False eyelids used by Akim Tamiroff in *The General Died at Dawn*, were filed and preserved in a little cardboard box in Paramount's prop-room.

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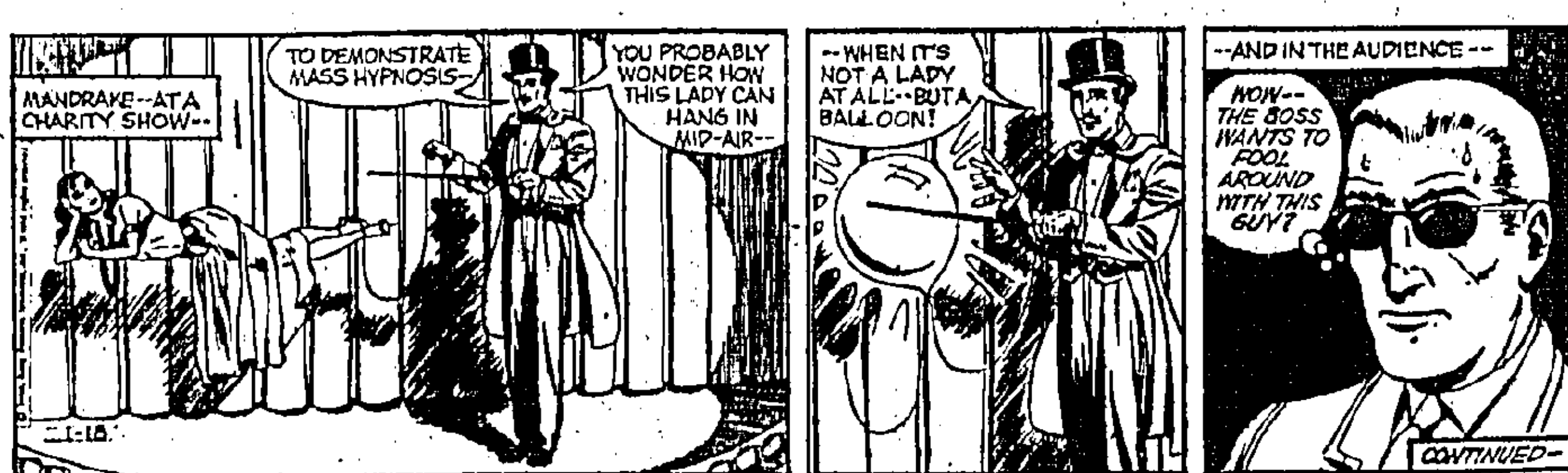
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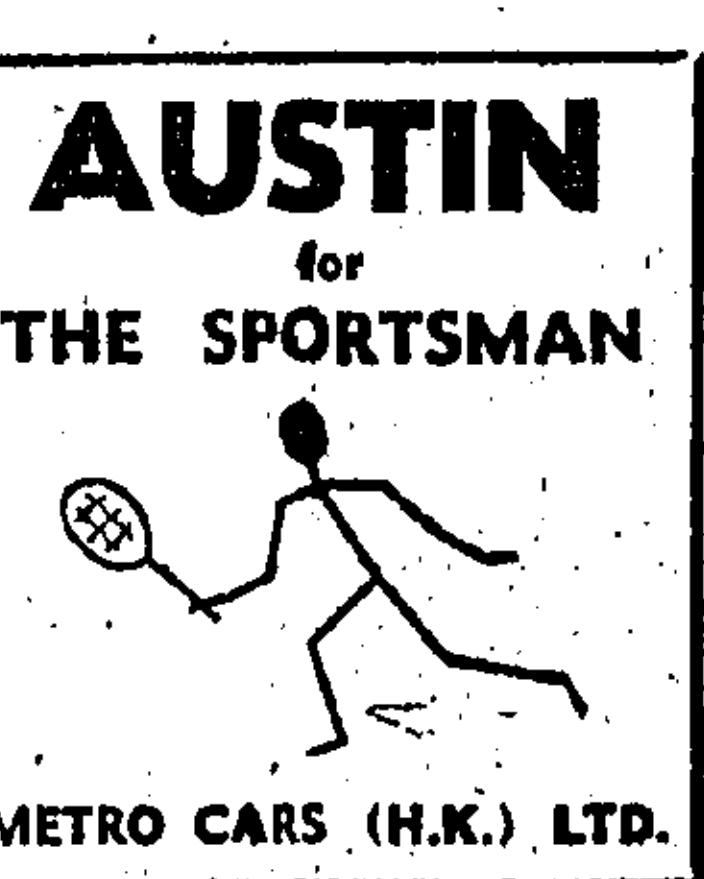
## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



## JOHNNY HAZARD



## FERD'NAND



"But how can I, Foster? I was INVITED to the Lebanon—but to Faubus I'm just a damn Yankee!"

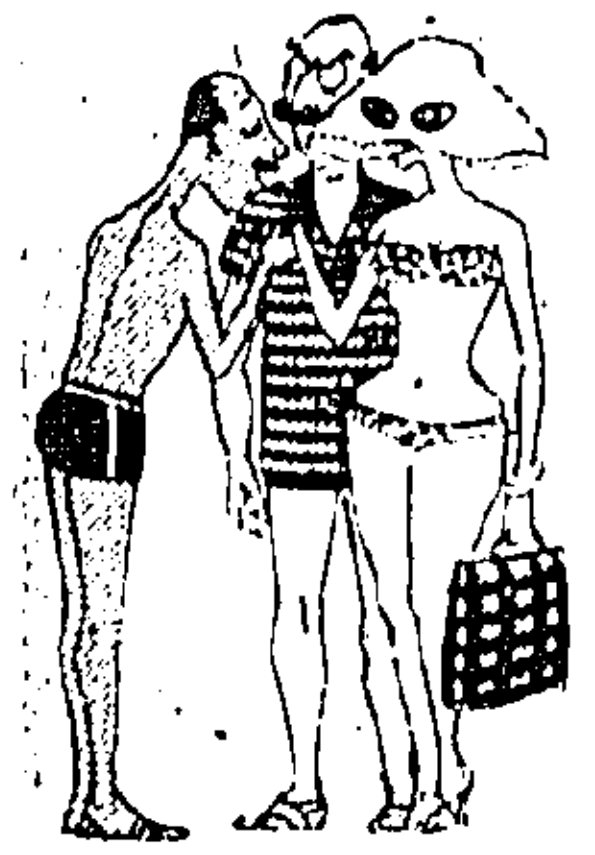


## POCKET CARTOONS

By Osbert Lancaster



"Either it's a false scent, or else one or two of the dogs round here are definitely abnormal."



"But could one fall to recognise La Belle Comtesse Littlehampton?"



"Do you remember my telling you that there was a new spirit stirring among some of the younger birds?"



WE stood on the terrace and watched the sunset. Below us, in Lake Vyrnwy, only fly-snatching trout shivered the still image of the fire in the sky.

Blue shadows were flowing down the slopes of the Montgomeryshire mountains. And on the moors was a pageant of red-gold and the rich purple of the heather. I turned to my host.

"Tomorrow," I said, "I would like to do my duty in this battle with the grouse."

Ever done any shooting before? asked the host... but I decided to keep quiet about my triumph in the fairground gallery

# I bag a grouse—and even the dog is surprised

by ROBERT GLENTON

It is a mistake, I know now, to be facetious about such a thing.

All round me for days the sportsmen had been gathering.

For weeks tweed-clad spies had been lurking on the moors.

My host regarded me with the same chill hostility that Montgomery would have shown if someone had interrupted one of his G.I.I.Q. conferences with a tale about an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Scot.

"Have you ever done any shooting before?" he asked. My mind turned to that cardboard target I had once carried home from Hampstead Heath, with its perforated heart. Something, I'm not quite sure what, told me not to boast of that.

## ON SAFARI

I reflected on the neurotic rabbit down in Herefordshire who met me one afternoon when I was carrying a service rifle and was lucky to escape with his life from what he obviously regarded as the opening of the North African campaign. I decided not to mention that either. I simply said, "Well, I haven't done this sort of thing before." I did add, "But I have been on safari."

There was no purpose in explaining that, so far as I know, I am the only man who has emerged after three weeks in darkest Africa with only his own skin as a trophy.

"Very well," said my host, "I'll find you a gun."

I think it was over dinner that night that it first occurred

to me that I wasn't really wanted.

I had thought that the conversation had lingered for an inordinate length of time on fellows who would never be invited again, on mauls who fired along the line of guns instead of straight ahead, and on weaklings who had been carried home.

But I really got the point when the moustached captain turned to me and showed a blue tuft on the back of his hand. "That," he said menacingly, "is a shot I collected from one dam' fool. I keep it there to show the next madman I meet on a shoot. He'll see more than that, too."

Silently I went to bed.

There was no refuge there.

Two sleeping pills later I was sitting bolt upright in bed listening to the dogs howling enthusiastically in the kennels below.

Morning has never taken so long to climb over a mountain.

## MY THEORY

Now I have a theory in situations like this. One must always make an ally of the expert. Stealthily I went in search of headkeeper Billy Bull.

We collided in the doorway. There was nothing stealthy about his search for me. He had just heard I was to walk next to him and he was very anxious to see if I could tell the butt from the muzzle of a gun.

Up the mountain road we drove, ahead of the main party.

We heard the other gentlemen before we saw them. Firmly they marched along the lane, their impressive handmade shooting boots ringing on the stones.

They were an awe-inspiring sight. The commander, the wing-commander, the sinister captain, the stockbroker, and a burly Frenchman who carried his gun like a fully-paid-up member of the Maquis.

They had bandoliers, tweed caps, plus-fours and, dogs attentively obedient as a convention of butlers.

I was not quite so impressive as I was wearing suede shoes, grey flannel trousers tucked into rather splendid socks, and a plastic raincoat.

They were very decent, they tried hard to put me at my

ease. Even my host laughed and said: "Mind that gun. It will cost you £400 if you wreck it."

He gave me a handful of cartridges. I tucked them in my trousers pocket and a moment later we were climbing through the heather. Nervously I took my smouldering pipe out of my mouth. Soon I was frantically searching for it among the cartridges. I took the cartridges out one by one to see how many were on fire. Happily nobody noticed except a baleful Labrador.

Into a bog we plunged. Soggy suede is usually unhappy footwear but I was grateful. It made a peculiar sucking noise which hid my wheezing.

"You had better load now," said Billy Bull, stopping smartly away. I noticed he was not half so fast on his feet as the Labrador which took one look and got behind him.

## ERUPTED

Suddenly the ground in front of the wing-commander erupted. He fired, and down tumbled the first grouse. And just as suddenly the ground in front of me erupted too. So did my gun. The most surprised skylark in the world rocketed up to safety high overhead.

On and on we went.

I was in a coma of heat and exhaustion when the blur of the heather in front of me

seethed and bubbled with brown feathered hysteria.

Billy Bull said afterwards that there were eight grouse.

I was too busy to count. I was trying to get my right arm out of the sleeve of my plastic mac, to release the safety catch, to get the butt of my gun disengaged from my armpit.

I heard it go off. I saw a grouse hesitate, sag, and topple into the heather.

"Good shot," cried the stockbroker, "a beauty."

"You didn't know much about that," muttered Keeper Bull as the astounded Labrador dumped the grouse at my feet.

Even the bird's eyes looked amazed as they flared.

I pulled no need to blood pouring profusely from my right thumb which the safety catch had viciously sliced, and I did not feel the ejected cartridge case at all as it crashed against the bridge of my nose.

## I BEAMED

The others could go on if they wished. I had made my mark. So down, buck over the moors I strolled, my feet light, gun under one arm, and the grouse dangling in my hand. I came across a lonely little pub.

The occupants were very civil. "Good shooting, sir," they smiled. I beamed at them and bought them all a drink.

"It's a funny thing about Tommy Davis's old grey mare," they said. "Never comes off the moor except for slight weather, but she came down this morning right enough, on a lovely day like this."

Not even my host looking baffled into his port that slight quite compensated me for such a horrid lack of taste on the part of an animal one is brought up to regard as a best friend.

## Why Spend All This Money On The Moon?

Asks TERENCE FEELY

THE first American attempt at molesting the moon failed. Cost of the rocket itself was £3,500,000. The same sum would have bought 70 of the latest deep X-ray machines, or a thousand life-saving heart-lung machines.

What the cost of the rocket was in terms of labour and research only the Pentagon knows. But it is certain that had such effort been directed earthwards instead of skywards it would have gone a long way towards solving any one of the major problems still besetting us here.

## Deserts Can Bloom

These problems may be duller than that of hanging a rocket on the moon. They are certainly more vital.

And the question ordinary people are asking is this: "Would

it not be safer to spend our money on putting one world straight before we start lusting after another?"

The cost of putting up a first Sputnik is anything between £500,000,000 and £1,000,000,000.

For the same sum we could start the Sahara blossoming. We could irrigate and fertilise the great Gobi desert and the inconceivable wastes of Western Australia, and make up the world's food deficit.

Two-thirds of the world's population still go under-

nourished while the satellites streak overhead.

"The cost of atomic power stations suitable for such projects," a noted scientist told me, "is £100,000,000 apiece."

Such costs are supposed to be prohibitive. But not, apparently, for the fireworks of the Space Age.

For the cost of a couple of years' Sputniks, we could give such a power station to every country in the Middle East.

The difference such gifts would make to these countries' standard of living would do more for the stability of the area than any of the hand-outs of money and arms they get from the Great Powers.

## Bitter Absurdity

Let Lord Boyd-Orr, world nutrition expert, point out the bitter absurdity of the situation. He told me:

"Whatever Governments may say, the main object of getting out into space is a military one. And the world bill for armaments today, running at the rate of £43,000,000,000 a year."

"For a mere one-tenth of that sum we could banish hunger from the world within ten years."

For another £500,000,000 we could probably banish the epidemic diseases for ever.

Some people, frightened of an increase in world population, welcome the pruning effect of disease. But even for them Lord Boyd-Orr has an answer. "Provided we spend the money, the world has the capacity to feed and support at least five to six times its present numbers."

"These projects are entirely feasible now. They could be administered by the United Nations and the Russians could come in with everyone else."

To the politicians such schemes may no doubt sound fantastic. To the man in the street, I suspect, the lunatics are on the firing end of rockets into space.

Why not?

DEAR SIR, If mice are to take the place of scientists in flights to the moon, why not treat the scientists like mice? Let them try living in some dirty corner until hunger takes them into a trap, and they are caught by the nose.

A. L. Dilworth.

## • BY • THE • WAY

by Beachcomber

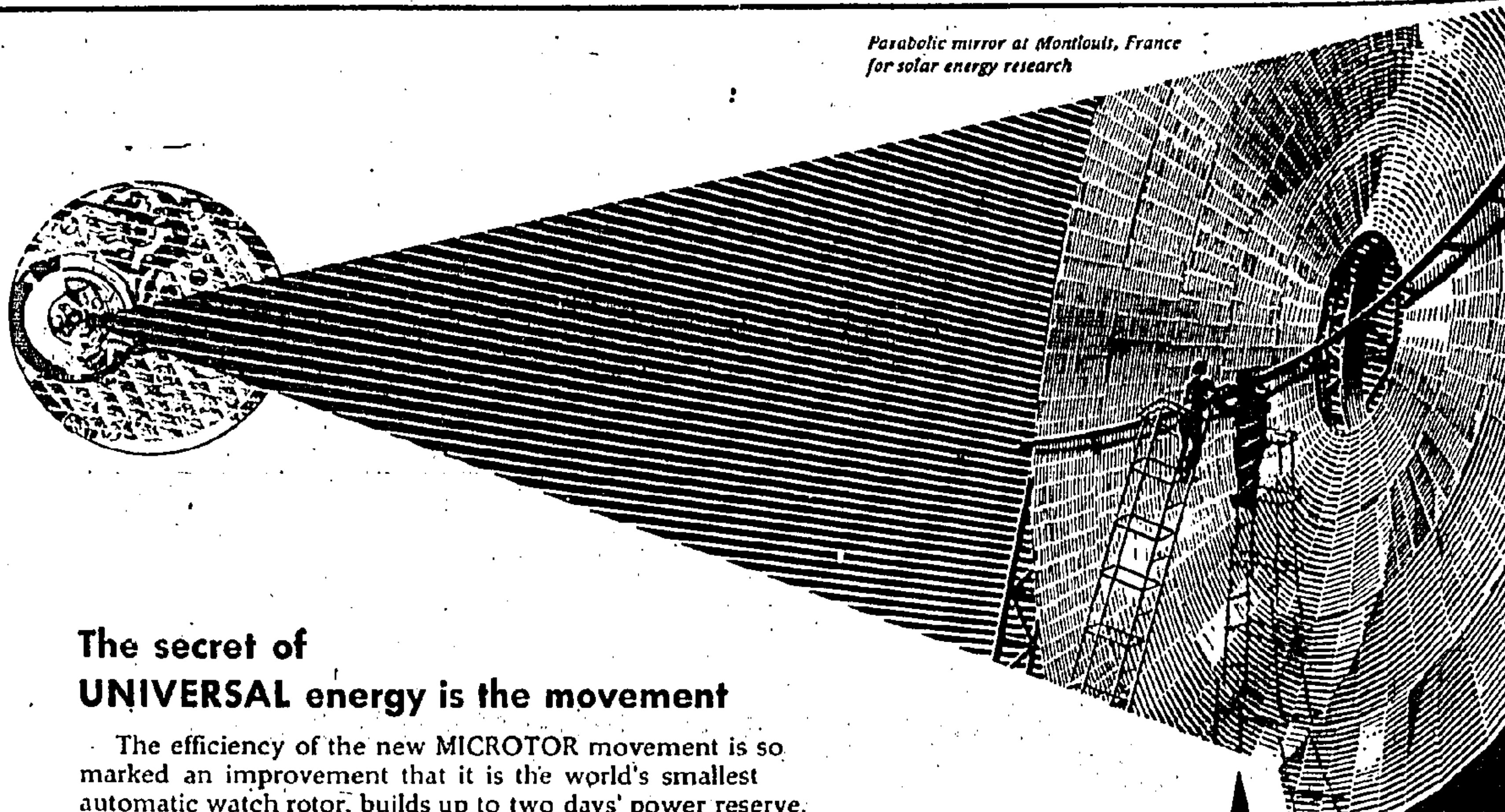
NOBODY was more surprised than the librarian when bounds dashed into a public library in Devonshire and began to worry several volumes.

A false trail of chemicals had been laid by a lowbrow. There ate also reports of cardboard slabs being dumped in the track of the hunt, the looting of sacks of ferrets among the bounds, and the stampeding of crowds of ill-assorted dogs of every breed over the countryside. As a grand finale, a whole mass of hounds, mongrels, and ferrets suddenly, in a concerted movement, rushed and routed the stag-hunters. A man who was nipped by a dozen ferrets said ruefully: "Sport is not what it was."

Here, there and everywhere

DESCRIBED as a stamping dealer whose hobby is skinning moles, Arthur Forde, 41, stuck in a stove-pipe in the early hours of yesterday. Firemen released him, but he got stuck twice more.

Thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty-four yards of electric cable have disappeared from a telephone block at Gieveage.



Parabolic mirror at Montlouis, France for solar energy research

## The secret of UNIVERSAL energy is the movement

The efficiency of the new MICROTOR movement is so marked an improvement that it is the world's smallest automatic watch rotor, builds up to two days' power reserve.

Developed in our research laboratories and exclusively Universal's, the MICROTOR movement is the greatest technical advance in self-winding watches in 30 years. For robustness, style and above all accuracy - the new Universal POLEROUTER is the watch of the future.

Timing every SAS flight, the POLEROUTER has proved itself over the pole and around the world.

MICROTOR is what makes the famous "POLEROUTER," tick

Polerouter features:

- 100% Automatic Movement MICROTOR
- 28 jewels
- Tested waterproof case
- Antimagnetic alloys
- Up to two days' reserve power
- Resistance to shocks
- Thin, handsome styling

available in three models:  
stainless steel  
steel gold cover 300 microns  
18 kt. gold

Authorised Dealers:  
Artland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Rous D'O' Watch Co., 65 Queen's Road, C.  
Tat Seng Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Budson Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.  
Sul Wah Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.  
Samuel Freres, 5 Pedder Street  
Lam Yuen Fung Watch Co., 170 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Kung Brothers & Co. Ltd., Miramar Arcade, Nathan Rd.  
La Suisse Watch Co., Shawa Building.  
James Cox, Champagne Court, Kimberley Road  
Mohani's Ltd., 14, Hankow Road & Kai Tak Airport.

UNIVERSAL  
GENEVE



# PARADE

**ONE WAY OUT:** A brew-it-yourself craze is sweeping beer-dry Ontario. Mail, hops and yeast sales have nearly tripled since

brewery workers went on strike recently. Newspapers are publishing step-by-step instructions on how to brew it yourself.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Why Duplicate Is Fascinating

By OSWALD JACOBY

"WHY don't I give up duplicate?" I moaned the unlucky expert.

"Why don't you give up bothering me?" I moaned right back. "Let's hear the tale of woe anyway."

"I sat West and opened one spade," he said. "My partner jumped four and South who was vulnerable and had passed originally took a deep breath, sat back in his chair, rubbed his eyes and finally said five diamonds."

"Everyone passed and as you can see the club king was in

NORTH 26	
♠ A Q 5 2	
♥ 7 4	
♦ K 9 4 2	
♣ 10 7 5 1	
WEST	EAST
♠ K 10	♠ A K 9 8 0
♥ 5 3	♥ 7 6 4
♦ A Q 3	♦ 8
	♣ 10 6 0 5
SOUTH (D)	
♠ J	
♥ 1983	
♦ A K Q 10 6 2	
♣ 7 3	
North and South vulnerable	
South West North East	
Pass 1 ♠ Pass 4 ♠	
5 ♣ Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 5	

back of my ace and the heart ace and queen in back of my king-ten. He snipped up his contract."

"What's so bad about that?" I asked. "Five hearts makes also and counts more for them."

"So it does," he replied. "At all other tables South chose to open with some number of diamonds. Invariably, we got into the bidding and landed at four spades. This time no North or South player carried the ball any further. Some just let us play four spades undisturbed for minus 100; some North doubled and made the score 300; but no one came near to this lucky so-and-so's score of six hundred for bidding and making five diamonds."

## CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
3 N.T. Pass 4 ♠ Pass  
4 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass  
You, South, hold:  
♠ 32 ♥ A Q 8 6 5 ♦ K J 7 3

What do you do?  
A—Bid seven clubs. Your partner has taken the trouble to show the spade ace. If you don't bid seven here you never will bid it.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
3 N.T. Pass ? Pass  
You, South, hold:  
♠ 32 ♥ 7 6 ♦ K J 9 8 7 4 ♠ 3 2

What do you do?  
Answer on Monday

## CROSSWORD

3 Pass 1 ♦ Pass:  
 3 N.T. Pass ?  
 ♠ 2 ♥ 8 7 0 ♦ K J 9 8 7 4 ♣ 3

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CROSSWORD

- Across
- Christmas delicacies (5, 6)
  - Biblical name (4)
  - Attend to a razor (6)
  - Don't jump attitudes (8)
  - Money for services (13)
  - Study (4)
  - Uscloveness (9)
  - Uscloveness (9)
  - Enticement (10)
  - Beast (10)
  - In short, the last day (8)
  - Sloping sharply (10)
  - Features (14)
  - Come in (15)
- Down
- Sweetheart (8)
  - Animal (4)
  - Chic (4)
  - Describe a cockney king (10)
  - Whistle (10)
  - Con (10)
  - Administrative (10)
  - Haar (10)
  - Oh! I'm a (10)
  - Number (10)
  - Extra page (10)
  - Book (10)
  - Lead in (10)
  - Editor (10)

**CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME:** Auckland's newly-founded community chest—a co-operative arrangement among the town's charitable organizations—is planning a second fund-raising campaign.

Its aim: to raise funds to pay the expenses of the first campaign which flopped.

**GETTING IN THE ACT:** A police patrol van seized by intelligence police was found to be carrying contraband silk worth £1,000.

**LOOK BEFORE YOU WHISTLE:** A wolf whistle at a lovely girl in Port Arthur, Ontario, cost 21-year-old Ormond Burke a five-dollar and a three-month driving suspension.

He whistled at a girl as he went through an intersection, hit another car, bounced off and just missed a policeman.

**GOLD FILLING:** Police suspicion was aroused when three bulky heavy cratesloads of chickens arrived at Oran airport.

They examined one chicken—and found it was stuffed with gold.

Customs men spent half an hour knocking the stuffing out of the other 79 birds and found 2,000 pieces of gold.

The two men accompanying the consignment refused surprise but were arrested just the same.

**SNEAK THIEF:** A hippopotamus pushed open the front door of an African house in Dudda village, Eastern Rhodesia, and grabbed the mosquito net under which Joseph Kawesa was sleeping.

Joseph awoke to see the animal lumbering out through the door, heading for the nearby Nile, with the net still in its mouth.

# Never, I say, has Britain had such a chance as this one...

CANADA, as one vast, United nation, is 100 years old this year—and I doubt if I shall ever see a younger, more vigorous centenarian.

How very appropriate it is that the year which marks the twin centenaries of the founding of British Columbia and the proclamation of Ottawa as the capital of a united Canada should also see a great resurgence of interest in Anglo-Canadian trade.

Appropriate and important. For years the United Kingdom has imported far more goods from Canada than the maple leaf country has bought from us.

Now Canada wants to maintain and increase her trade with Britain, her largest single overseas market.

This territorial giant, only now stirring industrially, has dollars—the most valuable

currency in the world with which to buy more of the right sort of British goods.

They are dollars, which can narrow our trade gap, but which can also be used in turn by Britain to buy the Canadian products which we need.

Greater trade between the United Kingdom and Canada is needed to strengthen the economies of both countries and in turn the Commonwealth.

**Success**

To show that the Canadian Government meant business, its Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. Gordon Churchill, brought a team of 57 men to Britain last year to investigate the prospects for increasing trade.

This visit was an outstanding success. During the first six months of this year our share of Canada's total imports exceeded 10 per cent for the first time since the war.

This point is even more creditable when it is realized that also in 1957 Britain did much better business with Canada. Our Canadian exports reached 520 million dollars, a 10 per cent increase over 1956 and 37 per cent more than in 1955.

These facts are encouraging. But, clear and outstanding as a tall Canadian pine, one obvious point remains—we are still not doing enough, for Britain is still spending eight dollars in Canada for every five earned.

By endeavouring to win a larger share of Canadian trade we are trying to regain our pre-war position in the market through a general expansion in trade and to bring about greater trading stability between the North American continent and the United Kingdom.

How can we do this? There is no clear-cut answer. The Government, the Dollar Exports Council and trade associations can help, but much of the responsibility will still rest with the manufacturer.

In April and May a D.E.C. delegation—a return visit to the Canadian mission which came to Britain—completed a coast-to-

coast tour of Canada.

The report of this mission, which I had the privilege of reading, has now been published. It cannot give all the answers to the Canadian trade problem, but I feel it does help to show the way.

It is a book which all interested in exporting should read. Some of the points it makes bear repeating.

In a country as large as a continent, nation-wide distribution from one centre is generally

ineffective. Manufacturers should aim to establish their own Canadian organizations and build up regional distribution systems.

There is evidence that the prices of many British exports are now very near the border line between success and failure.



# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## The Cost Of Having A Baby (In 1958)

I NEVER realised until last week that baby talk could add up to so much in hard cash... £148 to be exact, writes Mary Hampton.

I have just heard from a Liverpool wife who went to the United States three years ago and has had her first baby in North Carolina. Altogether, ante-natal care and the delivery of the baby cost the proud father £148.

"We did not mind paying so much. After all, he is our son and heir," she wrote.

But I can think of quite a few sons and heirs who would have nothing to inherit if their arrival cost so much!

It is obvious that mothers in America face exactly the same minor problems as mothers elsewhere. If you're a working mother, for instance, when do you tell the boss?

### Delighted

"I had a good job," wrote Mrs. X, "and the first thing I learned—so far as America is concerned anyway—is that employers much prefer to know at the beginning, even to be the first member of the firm to know."

"They hate to find out through the office grape vine. As soon as I was certain about the baby, I let the boss know. He was delighted, and told me at once that my job would be there as long as I wanted it, and would be waiting for me later."

"But I decided that I would stay at home. It was my first baby and I wanted to enjoy him or her."

"The cost of ante-natal visits and the delivery of the baby, which is covered out by your own doctor is the equivalent of about £83."

### The Bill

"I had an insurance which I had kept up after getting married, and this covered some of these costs, though not all. My hospital bill, apart from the ante-natal visits, read: Semi-private room and board; 12 dollars per day. Nursery; Five days at six dollars per day—30 dollars. Delivery room; 20 dollars. Band (presumably for attending him after birth); 6 dollars, 50 cents. Anesthetics; 10 dollars. Special laboratory; 0 dollars, 50 cents. House drugs; 1 dollar, 50 cents. Special drugs; 19 dollars, 00 cents. Dressings; 3 dollars, 60 cents. Telephone; 10 cents. Baby's identification bracelet, birth certificate and odd items; 3 dollars, 60 cents."

"Add that the £83 for the doctor's fee and the ante-natal visits, and you get a bill knocking on for £148. That's what it costs you to have a baby if everything goes smoothly."

## Make The Time

By ANNE HEYWOOD

AS the poet said: "Of all said words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

In addition to being sad, this kind of regret can be a great drain on time, energy and talent and a great bore conversationally.

For example, I know two women who wanted to write. Both have small children and no help with their housekeeping.

One does nothing but talk about the fact that she could be writing best sellers if only she had the time. She will probably continue to talk like this as long as she lives.

The other finds an hour every day to sit at her typewriter. It has meant giving up all kinds of recreational activities, but it is worth it to her because she really means business.

### GIVING IT A TRY

Perhaps she will succeed and perhaps she will not, but in any event, she is giving it a whole-hearted try. If it works, well and good. If it doesn't, she is sensible enough to give it up after a decent try, to lay the ghost aside forever and put her attention and energies into something more apt to succeed.

Most of the women I know who have succeeded at writing, haven't had time or op-

portunity. But they managed to squeeze in a little time by giving up everything else, because they were serious enough about it to want to.

A perfect example of this is Anita Rowe Block, whose book of collected short stories has recently been published.

### HONEST WRITER

Mrs. Block is one of the honest writers who doesn't claim any particular inspiration and doesn't believe in working when the spirit moves her.

Every morning Mrs. Block sits at her typewriter for a given number of hours. If something comes out it comes, if it doesn't it doesn't.

She has been doing this ever since she was a young bride during the war.

While her husband was stationed at an Air Base in Tennessee, she began her experiment in writing. She wrote exactly 54 full-length short stories, the first 53 of which were rejected.

### MAKE THE TIME

Think about Mrs. Block the next time you find yourself wishing you had time to write. No matter how busy you are, you can make some time every day if you really mean business.

If you don't really mean business, you have no right bothering your friends with details of what might have been.

"I don't wish to be unkind," she said when I told her, "but sometimes I have the idea that in America it is assumed that the more you spend on bringing a baby into the world, the healthier and happier the offspring will be."

"Right at this moment, the loveliest baby girl in the world is juggling away in my home in Manchester. She is beautiful, and she didn't cost us a penny. In fact, leaving out such things as drugs and costs and clothes, she was quite a profitable proposition."

### Tax Relief

"Like the American mother, I am quite convinced that my baby and I had the best medical treatment anyone could wish for."

"The first time she cost us anything was on the day she was born. It cost us 7s. 6d. for the taxi to take to the hospital."

"Ante-natal care, I'm convinced, is as good in this country as anywhere else in the world—and free."

"In hard cash, our baby cost us nothing—she put money in our pocket! £12 10s maternity allowance before the baby was born, and the weekly allowance of £2 10s for 13 weeks."

"The Americans get tax relief but so do we. My husband brings home an extra 15s a week in his pay packet since the baby came."

"The American woman says that she prefers to have her baby in hospital. I disagree. Now I know what it's like to have a baby, the next one will be at home."

### Every Care

"I say this because I now know I would rather have my baby where everything is familiar and where my family and husband can be with me right up to the time of the birth. (Not because of the extra £5 we have for having the baby at home!)"

"What interesting, modern packaging this progressive young country uses! Here are mustard soup and barley, dehydrated soups and all kinds of canned goods from Israel—mexican sections, very fine pickles, wafers, halva, vegetables, pate de foie gras, turkey and goose luncheon loaf—and soon they will be sold throughout the country."

"So you see, I found out, so every mother in this country can, that my baby and I had every care in the world for very small cost. But far more important was the absence of any worry which money problems would have brought."

"We didn't have to think of finance when thinking of having a baby, and this peace of mind is worth all the pounds and dollars in the world."

I wonder what other mothers would say.—China Mail Special.

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## Blonde "Betty" Bacall Is Prettier Than Her Pictures

By JEANNE D'ARCY

THEY sent a girl to do a job any man would love—Interview Lauren Bacall, who was in New York recently.

The striking blonde flashed into Manhattan's famed 21 Club, walked out of a stole, removed her dark glasses, brought luncheon hubbub to a standstill.

Even sophisticated New Yorkers turned around for a second glance. And Betty—

that's what everyone calls her—knew everybody. She threw a greeting to a famous author, extended a hand, which a British actor kissed, had a few words of French for the head waiter.

"Restaurant French," she explained, in a smoky voice that could melt steel.

### Prettier Than Pictures

You expect to meet a cool, sophisticated blonde. But Betty's not cool, she's warm, friendly, animated and far prettier than any of her pictures. She photographs gaudy and glamorous. She's glamorous, all right, but her face is soft and prettily so.

Beauty secrets? "Don't have any," said Betty. "I'm a soap-and-water girl."

She pulled out an inexpensive plastic compact of pressed powder, fluffed some on her nose, checked her coral lipstick.

"Clothes are important to beauty," she said. "A woman has to know what she can wear. Now me, I'm not the fluffy type. Keep it simple and sleek!"

### Chemise Is OK

"The chemise? It's OK, has appeal. Men wonder what's in it. I'm going to have a few, but not a whole wardrobe of 'em. They're divine to wear. You can sit down in comfort without feeling ripped in at the waist or light across the hips. And no wrinkles!"

She pointed to the midriff of the gold-on-sheath she was wearing. It fitted her shapely figure like a coat of paint, was sure to show sit-down creases when she stood up.

"But this above-the-knee bit, it's crazy," said Betty, crossing a lovely leg and arching a well-shaped brow. "I like legs to show but enough's enough. Who has pretty knees?"

A good question!

"What interesting, modern packaging this progressive young country uses! Here are mustard soup and barley, dehydrated soups and all kinds of canned goods from Israel—mexican sections, very fine pickles, wafers, halva, vegetables, pate de foie gras, turkey and goose luncheon loaf—and soon they will be sold throughout the country."

There was also an impressive display of Swiss chocolate, which we are suggesting for dessert in our menu for tomorrow.

"It will take at least three afternoons for us to cover all the food displays here in the Coliseum," remarked the Chef. "Let's visit the Israel Government Pavilion next."

Interesting Packaging

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LAUREN BACALL appears cool and sophisticated in movie roles but face-to-face she has a warm, vivacious personality.

woman, a wife, for the first time." Now that she's back before the cameras after a three-year absence, Betty's looking forward to making more movies.

What kind of roles does she want to play? "It depends on the script," said Betty. "If it's a good part, well, I guess I could be a siren again."

## Use Ingenuity For Centrepieces

New York. "Don't clutter the table," said Vera. "Use candles if the occasion is after seven o'clock."

"Avoid fancy candles and fancy nut and candy holders. Maybe, old-fashioned small dishes from your cupboard will do the trick."

"After all, the food is the most important part of the occasion." Vera, however, is an advocate of bold colours for table covers.

One of her favourites is a bold red linen cloth, with border of printed metallic gold antique kitchen one with layers of red or green plaid. Then heap it with candies and fruits, which have been wrapped in various coloured foil papers, and with nuts in their shells.

### New Style Evening Dress



"SOLCHIQUE" is an original evening dress by JACQUES HEIM and shown during the recent Paris collections for Autumn and Winter 1958. HEIM created it in cyclamen.—Agence France-Press.

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LEARN TO IDENTIFY THE TYPE OF YOUR SKIN

### THE NORMAL SKIN

Is supple, elastic, often covered with an impalpable down and gives a sensation of "fullness". If tissue paper is applied to your face, it will only show slight marks.

### THE DRY SKIN

Is fine, soft, tight, sometimes a little wrinkly and marked with very fine lines, it leaves no marks at all on tissue paper. If very dry the skin is easily irritated, tight and inclined to redness, herpes and spots.

### THE OILY SKIN

Is usually thick, shiny at the cheekbones, with black specks and dilated pores, it stains tissue paper. A very oily skin, with excessive seborrhoea is subject to spots and acne.

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#### GALATEIS

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ABOVE RIGHT: LOOK OUT BELOW! A young participant in the United Services Recreation Club's swimming gala this week, about to take a wet tumble.



★  
ABOVE: A fascinated youngster is given a lift up by Captain R. Fraakes, master of the motorship Santhia, during a visit to the vessel by 40 deaf children.



★  
LEFT: Mr Bert Gillett (right), General Manager of Moutrie & Co., Ltd., chats with a friend during a farewell dinner for him at the Cafe de Chine last Friday. Mr Gillett and his family left Hongkong for Australia this week.



ABOVE: Jon Konrad (left), Australia's "Wonder Boy" of aquatics, chats with Mr A. de O. Sales and Mrs O. R. Sadick during a Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association dinner party for the Australian swimming team held shortly before their departure last week.



★  
RIGHT: Mr Wilbur M. Brucker, United States Secretary of the Army, is interviewed by Hongkong's Press Corps on arrival at Kai Tak Airport for a two-day visit here in the course of a tour of the Far East.



★  
BELOW: Mr J. B. Dewar, leading member of the Hongkong Prisoners of War Association is laying a wreath at the Cenotaph last Saturday—the 13th anniversary of Liberation Day.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Charles Kenneth Locke after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church this week. The bride is the former Miss Lou Ann Lewis.

★  
BELOW: Mr and Mrs Anthony Douglas Brown after their wedding at St Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Cecilia Hartman.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Mrs T. J. Beattie, inspects St John Ambulance Brigade Nursing Cadets at their first Camp on the grounds of the School for the Deaf, Diamond Hill.



BELOW: The Kowloon Fire Station won the Station Championship Shield at the annual Fire Brigade swimming gala at Chung Shing Pavillion last Saturday. Mr W. J. Gorman, Chief Fire Officer (centre) poses with the winners.



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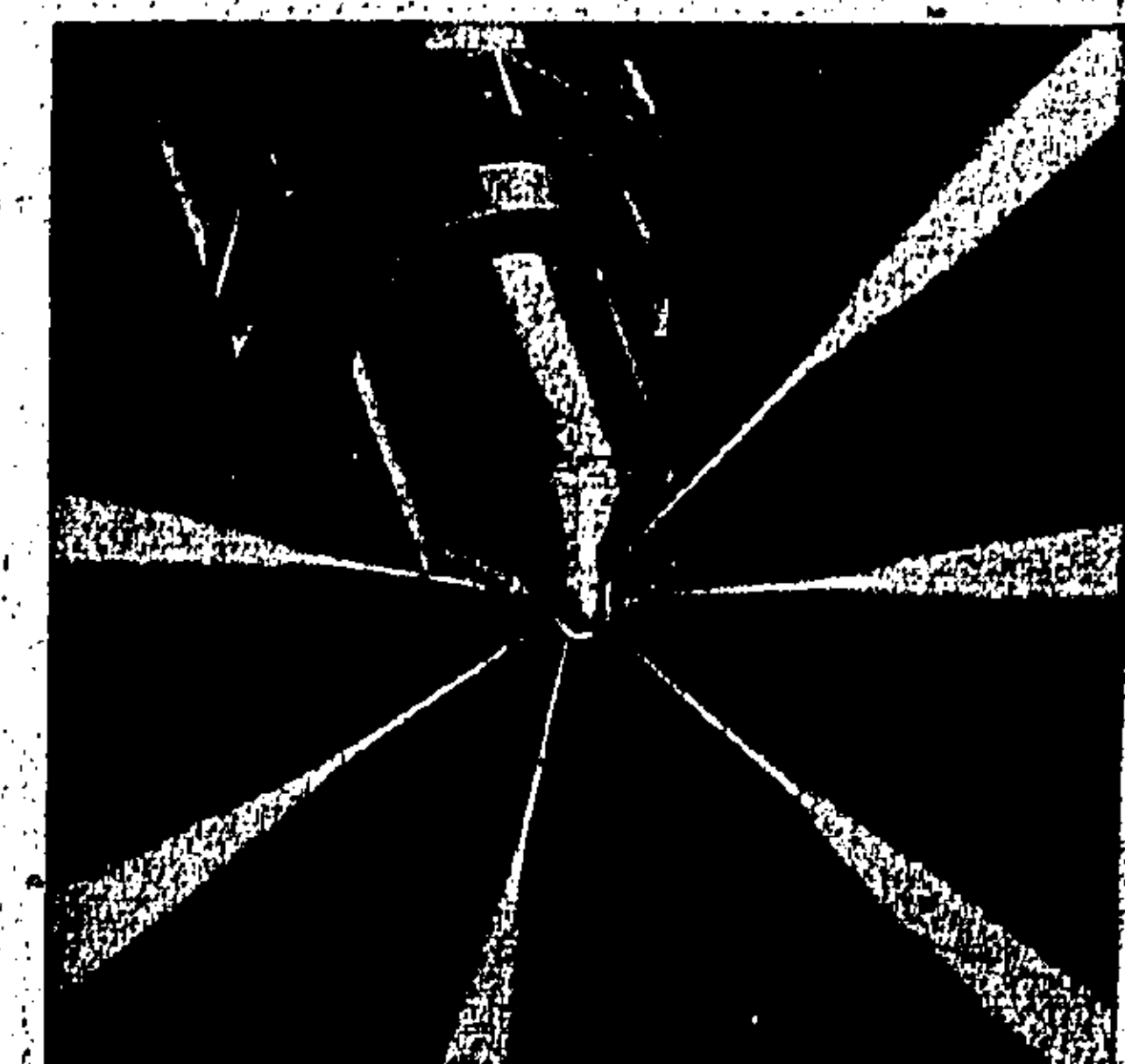
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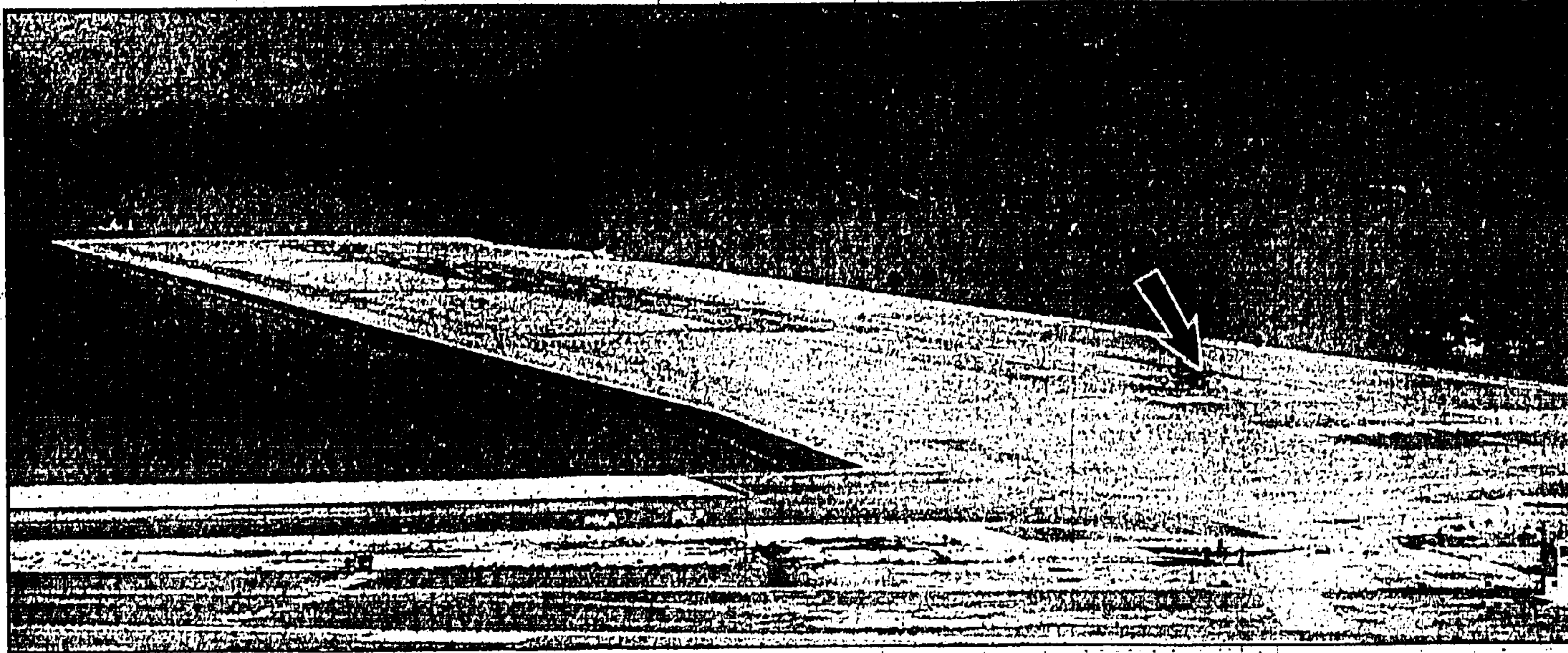


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ABOVE: Because Kai Tak Airport's old runway 31 was blocked by the wreckage of a USAF plane which crashed and burned, the honour of being the first civilian plane to land on the Colony's new runway was given to a Philippine Air Lines Viscount aircraft on Sunday. Said the plane's pilot Captain Manuel Conde later: "The new airstrip is beautiful..."

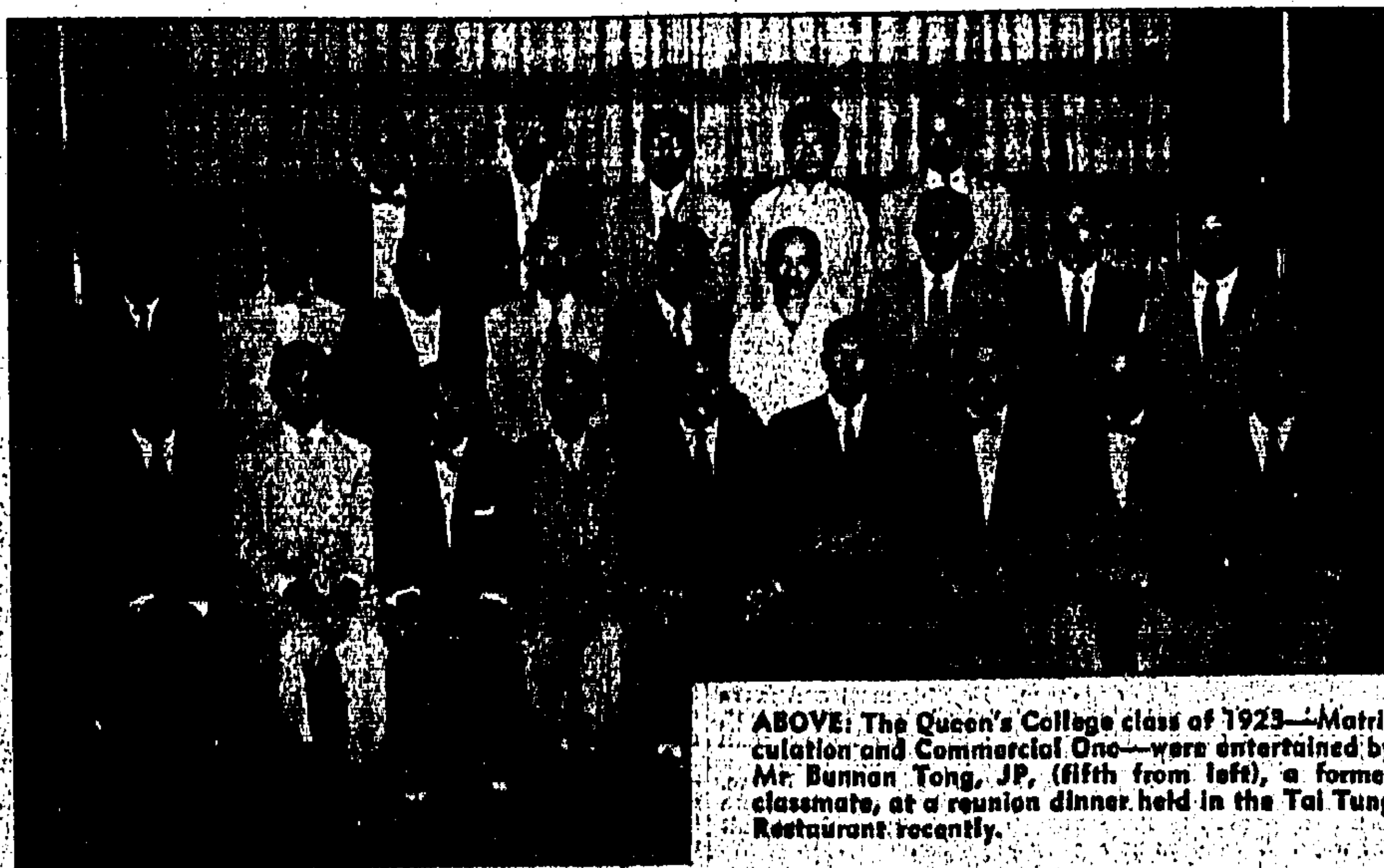


ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of the Governor and Lady Black, arrives at the Paramount Restaurant on Tuesday for the Jack and Jill charity show in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association. L-R: Miss Black, Mr. Anthony Tai, Mrs. Violet Chan, Mrs. J. L. Switzer, Master James Baldwin and Miss Vonnick Landau.

BELOW: Alumni members of the Soochow University gave a farewell party last week for pretty Miss Nancy Yu at the Paramount Restaurant. Miss Yu, first on right, is leaving for the United Kingdom soon.



RIGHT: The Rev. S. Withers-Green, Warden of Morrison Hall, University of Hong Kong, before declaring open the Morrison Memorial Centre in Macao in a dedication ceremony last Saturday.



ABOVE: The Queen's College class of 1923—Matriculation and Commercial One—were entertained by Mr. Bunman Tong, JP, (fifth from left), a former classmate, at a reunion dinner held in the Tai Tung Restaurant recently.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Barkatullah (Bonny) Omar after their wedding at the Registry on Tuesday. The bride is the former Miss Rahima May Wong Soo Fong.

BELOW: Three beautiful film actresses from Taiwan were fêted at a dinner at the Orchid-Grave of the Astor Hotel on Tuesday night. They are (l-r) Misses Margaret Ma, Julie Ma and Man Leo Hung.



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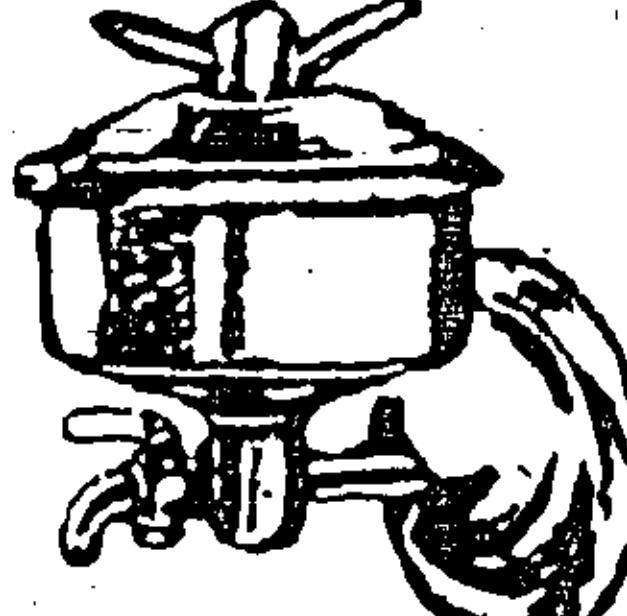


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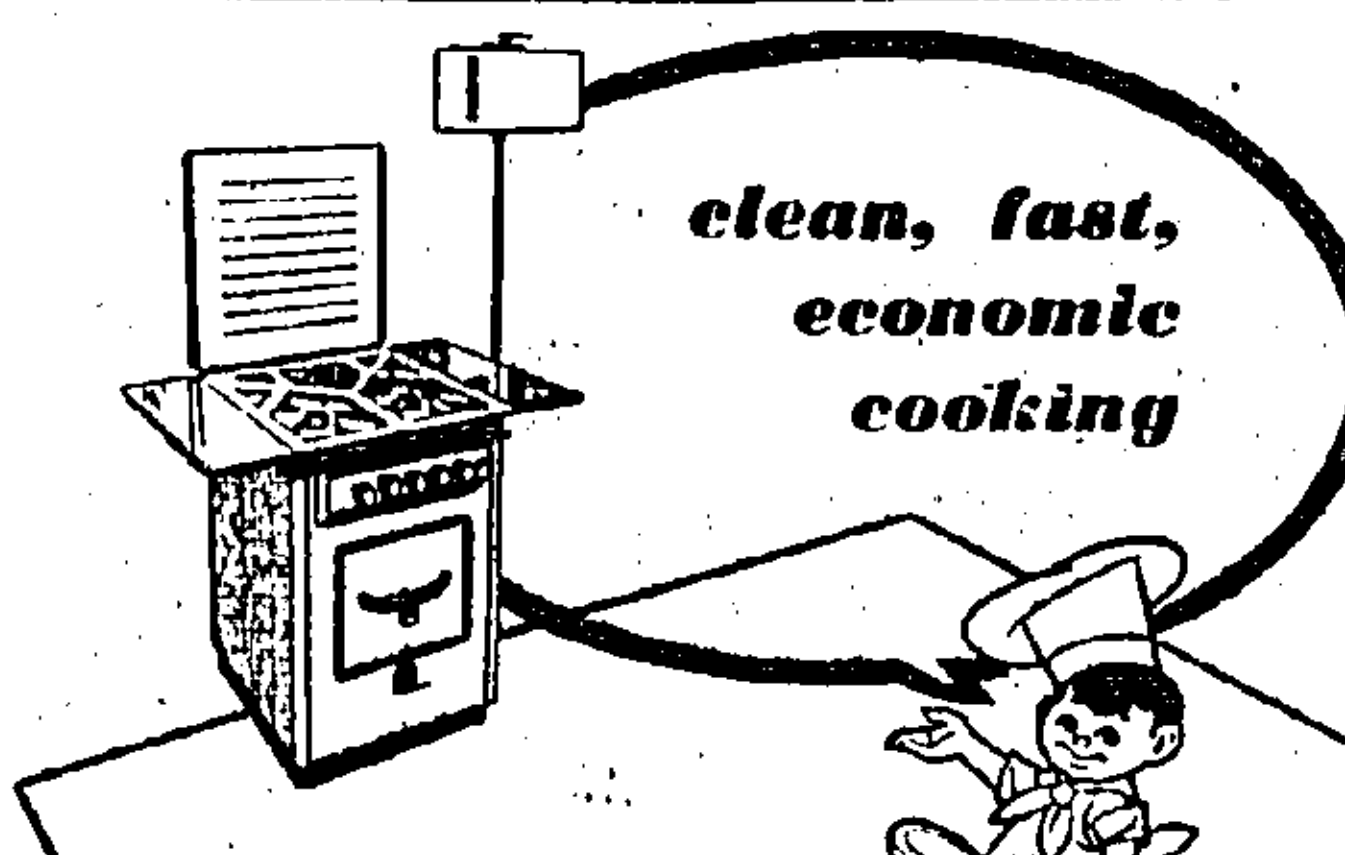
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### Sweater News



By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

THE sweater in many guises is very much a part of the autumn picture. It is designed for every type of use—dressy, casual, daytime, evening. Black mink is the collar used on the luxurious black cashmere sweater with a low-placed satin belt and front buckle. Orlon in a bulky knit makes the chemise sweater. It has striped yellow and navy trim on the deep V and also for the shield inset and single pocket. In navy or white, it would be a nice top for a slim or pleated skirt, or with pants.



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HAPPILY, summers are a matter of only two hot, humid months. In other lands, steaming weather stays longer, is far more intense. It certainly plays havoc with beauty and explains why women in tropical or near-tropical climes let their looks go. It's too hot to breathe, so who can be bothered?

### NO EXCUSE

You're pampering yourself if you think summer is reason enough for a sloppy appearance. It isn't! You'll feel much better if you make an effort to keep neat and nifty. Hair's a big problem. Humidity leaves curls damp and limp. The chic way out is to have a home permanent or to get a stylist to give you a casual cut that requires no curling.

Don't let looks struggle or fly away in merry disorder. A trim coiffure can make or break your entire appearance.

### KEEP IN LINE

Keep that figure in line, especially if you tend to be plump. It's more comfortable to go without a shrill in summer but how does it look? A glance in the mirror can answer that question. In country settings, you can skip stockings, but it's proper to wear them when you're in town. City or country, don't leave legs bare unless they're attractively tanned or covered with tinted make-up. White legs lack beauty. Don't forget that cleanliness counts, especially this season. Shower daily and keep clothes crisp. A spotless appearance is always important, even more so in summer when it's all too easy to go into a slump.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

## WHY DOES A WIFE TAKE RISK?

By MARY HAMPSON

WOULD you leave your husband, children, and all the calm domestic things that occupy most of the year, and disappear alone—to risk your life?

That's what Mrs Anne Davies did when she led a party of women climbers in the Himalayas. So did Mme. Auriol when she crashed through the sound barrier in a jet. So does Mrs Anne Hall, when she hurtles a car at speed over Alpine passes.

They leave security and

comfort and take a terrible chance. Why?

Is it an antidote for boredom, a lust for excitement, or a need to test their courage like a man? Or is it none of those things?

I went to Huddersfield to see Mrs Anne Hall, who is the mother of three children and one of the most formidable motor rally drivers in Europe. She was for three years co-driver with Sheila Van Dam, and together they won the highest award in women's rally driving.

### OFF THE ROAD

Anne Hall has forgotten the number of other awards she has won.

"My father used to let me sit on his knee and pretend to drive a car when I was a child. He gave me a car for my 17th birthday and I passed my test three days later. It just seemed natural to drive."

Why should she leave so much and risk so much? I wondered as the Austin Healey roared with indignation at being forced to crawl at 30 m.p.h. through Huddersfield.

At her home, where the clock on the mantelpiece measures nothing more dramatic than the time between meals, it seems a long way from a stop-watch in a closed car measuring the dangerous distances on icy Alpine roads.

In that house in Huddersfield, with its dark polished wood, wide windows and flowers, it's hard to reconcile the two worlds of Anne Hall.

Yet I saw them meet on the drawing-room floor. Twenty maps, meticulously marked: dozens of time charts, and a

child's exercise book marked carefully with every village they will meet on what is regarded as the toughest endurance test in rally driving, were spread around the floor to my uncomprehending admiration.

I could only remember that Mrs Hall told me that last time she drove in a rally her car went off the road. "We were over a precipice," she said, "about 600 feet, turning another page. There's at least 60 hours' work in preparation for a rally, with all the maps and things."

Then she brightened. "I lost ten pounds on the last one," she said. But I was still stuck with that precipice.

"You might have been killed," I said. "We were nearly were." Anne Hall said. "Another inch or two and we'd have had it."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"SHUT MY EYES"

"For five minutes after it happened I just sat, and thought—for the first time in my life—how glad I was to be out of the race."

"I've been scared before on the Stelvio Pass. I was so scared I shut my eyes, but I never wanted to be out of the race. This last time—I wondered."

"Then my mind clicked into gear again, and I realised that we still stood a chance if we could get the car back on the road. I got my co-driver to climb over and sit on the back and bounce the car while I tried to get it in reverse. But we couldn't make it. We were stuck."

It was enough to make me want to change the subject. I brought it up for simpler hazards nearer home. Women drivers, for instance.

"I have a thing about women drivers," said Mrs Hall. "I think they are just as good as men."

"The men who do the most cruising are usually the ones who won't give their wives any driving practice. Given the same opportunities as men, I think women are just as good."

### HER TRAINING

Then Mrs Hall, militant motorist, was interrupted by her son, who wanted a sickening plaster on his knee.

Making arrangements for someone to look after the family while she goes into strict training which means plenty of swimming and tennis with the children, no smoking or drinking and a 10 o'clock curfew—

"But I must admit I often dodge that," said Mrs Hall with a chuckle.

"Most of us drivers have odd, silly superstitions. I know Stirling Moss hates anyone to wish him good luck before a race. Sheila used to insist on wearing a silver bracelet she once won in a speed event. Funny thing, too, the time it broke, we lost. I used to load myself with good luck charms till I cut it all out. But I won't drive number 13 cars. I hate 13."

Why does she drive in rallies? "It's a challenge, I suppose, and you've just got to meet it. When you've accepted it, you can't back out."

"People criticise me for leaving my family. They say I have no right to take such risks. I believe that if I can make sure my children are well cared for I am entitled to go. I don't take unnecessary risks. I love rally driving and my husband doesn't object."

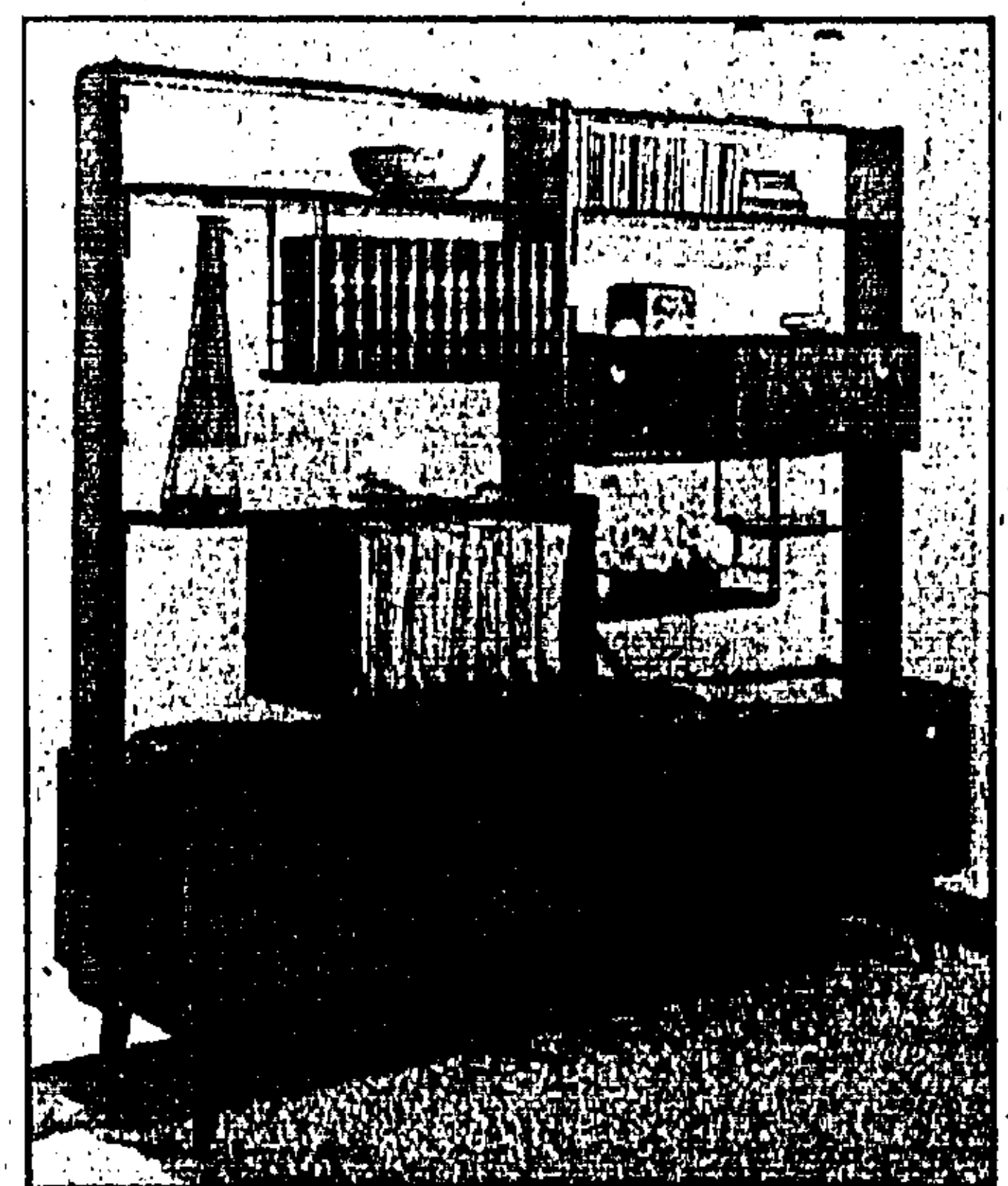
"Maybe it all adds up to this! I'm a bit of a fatalist in my way. I think that when it's meant to happen it will happen. Hobbies can be dicey, but the nearest I came to death was when I was crossing over to my car in Huddersfield. I was nearly run down by a bus."

## Modern Trends In Furniture



The modern wife chooses her programme from a horizontally placed dial—it's much easier.

## DAINTY CABINET



## Train Junior To Drink A Pint Of Milk A Day

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

MANY a child of two, five or six will refuse to drink milk at meals. In a few instances, having him drink through a straw or letting him pour the milk from a pitcher into his cup or glass does wonders. Giving him sweetened chocolate milk might work, but then he may get too much sugar and may drink only chocolate milk. Besides, most chocolate milk sold in bottles is skim milk.

Don't put the milk to his mouth or say, "You must drink this milk!" Just tell him he can have no other food until he does. If, after a few minutes, he does not choose to drink it, remove the milk and let him get down. End his meal and make sure he can have no other food, except perhaps fruit juice, until the next regular mealtime.

Proceed again as before. Should he hold out for more than two or three meals, consult your physician.

### WON'T GET ENOUGH

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

BORN today, you are apt to find that there is a rather complex conflict in your nature which you must resolve if you are to become successful in life.

Basically, you are a traditionalist and would normally adhere to conventions. Yet, there is a kernel of originality in your nature which makes it impossible for you to always accept the status quo. You see something that is obsolete—and you want to remedy it. It is likely that your best success in life will come when you disregard the conventions and strike out for yourself, on your own.

All during your youth, there will be this continual struggle within you. But as you approach the middle years and find you are still about where you were when you started, you will strike out adventurously.

Fond of travel, it is likely that you will roam the seven seas in youth, going where fancy carries you, picking up information and experience—and eventually putting it to use, once you decide what your major objective in life should be.

You have a magnetic personality and will make friends wherever you go. You may also make some enemies. But as the results of your ideas begin to emerge you will find that those who originally opposed you will be converted to your way of thinking. You, more than many, can become true masters of your own fate. Whatever happens, don't blame your star—blame only yourself.

Among those born on this date are: Gen. Claire Lee Chennault of World War II fame; Peter II, king of Yugoslavia; Arthur Train, Julian Green, and Katherine Burt, authors; Marquis de Lafayette, General in the American Revolution; Jane Addams, philanthropist; Henry Schickel Camby, noted writer; James K. Hackett, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may find it propitious to publicize a new idea. Call it to the attention of someone important.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Conclude an important agreement today and you will find that it is substantially in your favour.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—May not be a normal business day, but an important decision, favourable to your welfare, could be decided.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If in partnership with a relative, be sure that both of you know where you stand; act decisively.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A good day, it seems, for everything but romance. Avoid even the slightest disagreement.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A neighbourly deed today may give aid and assistance to someone who needs it very much, indeed.

BORN today, you are at an unusual combination of the dreamer of great dreams and the doer of great deeds. There is a real touch of genius in your imagination, but you are practical enough to instrument your ideas. If you can't do it personally, you will see that others are directed properly.

In other words, you can become the force behind great movements which can become world-shaking in their import. On the other hand, you can sit back and dream away your whole life. With the proper direction in childhood, you should learn to outgrow this day-dreaming and begin to function as a "doer." Once you have set your mind on something, you are doggedly determined and will press forward unrelentingly, until you have reached your goal.

One thing you may need to guard against: impulse. You are inclined to promise the moon, the sun or the stars under the pressure of demonstrating your love and affection. Then, you may find it difficult to deliver. Be a little less flamboyant in making promises and life will be easier for you and everyone else!

You have an ardent love nature but you may have difficulty in finding the one person whom you can cope with your complex nature. If you can, exceptional happiness is in store for you. However, if you wed in haste, you are apt to regret at leisure, so think twice before you permit a temporary infatuation to turn into a marriage, editor and publisher.

Among those born on this date are: Queen Elizabeth I of England; John Pierpont Morgan, financier and philanthropist; Victorien Sardou, French dramatist; and George Palmer Putnam, editor and publisher.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If pressing a legal matter, this should be the day you receive good reports of the judgment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The domestic scene should be happy and serene, if wed. If still single, keep an eye out for romance.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If perplexed in any business matter, get competent advice and then follow it exactly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Someone owes you some money? This would be a fine day to go out and collect. You'd probably get it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A meeting of your fraternal organization could be highly rewarding as well as entertaining.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember! It's a good idea to always put your best foot forward. Improve your personal appearance and smile.

—



COMPANY



## The ROBERT PITMAN Book Page

# Frank Tilsley Writes A Winner

## —Too Late

I HAVE been studying a surprising document in the case of the death of an author. That document is a book with a cheap, plain paper cover.

It is a publisher's advance copy of a new novel to be published in September. The title on the cover: **MUTINIES**. The author's name: Frank Tilsley.

Do you remember the tragedy of Frank Tilsley? He was the tailor's son, the council-school boy from Lancashire who suddenly found prosperity, and fame at the age of 29.

He wrote a novel about the ordinary people in the Manchester backstreets. It was called *Peckham's Progress*. It became a best-seller.

Frank Tilsley moved south. He broadcast regularly for the B.B.C. But he never ceased to write about the ordinary folk of Lancashire.

### IT HAD STRENGTH

Take his long novel *Champion Road*. That followed the life of Jonathan Briggs, the newsboy who became a rich, gasping jerry-builder.

Its style did not glitter, but like its hero it had strength. In America alone in 1946 it earned Frank Tilsley the tailor's son more than £10,000.

And so, for the readers in the lending libraries, Frank Tilsley's progress seemed well set. His books—*Heaven and Herbert*, *Common Voice of the Crowd*—were always on the reserved shelf. His cheerful, saw-edged Manchester voice was heard with attention Sunday after Sunday on the B.B.C.

Then one Sunday that voice was silent. The recorded programme in which Frank Tilsley's name was billed was cancelled. With amazement Frank Tilsley's readers saw in their Sunday papers that at 52 this cheery, unpretentious writer had committed suicide at his home in Beckenham, Kent.

### HE HAD WORRIES

Why? At the corner's court the usual details of drab suburban horror were recited. The court heard about the garage in which Frank Tilsley's body was found, about the breadknife at his side.

But gradually the truth emerged. Frank Tilsley was worried about money.

His surge of success with *Champion Road* had left a backwash of tax debts. Publishers had willingly advanced cash before his books were written. And somehow those later books never had quite the success to put Frank Tilsley straight again.

Yet, of course, these were the sort of troubles which many people have had to fight—including the lonely Lancashire people in the Tilsley books. Why should such troubles overwhelm a writer with years of success ahead of him?

### MUTINIES

Well, that was the point. In the despairing weeks before his death Frank Tilsley became convinced that there was no success ahead of him. His reading public had been faithful. But he knew that the critics, who had once compared him to Wells and Arnold Bennett, were no longer admiring.

And that was not the worst. On the day he died Frank Tilsley was finishing a new historical novel. It was based on the mutinies at Spithead and the Nor, which gripped the Royal Navy during the wars against Napoleon.

Frank Tilsley was excited with the mutiny theme at first. But each morning, as he read through his growing typescript in his suburban home at Beckenham, he grew more and more despondent. The typed words seemed dull and clumsy, the characters lifeless. He decided that his talent was as dead as a worn-out battery.

Thus in despair Frank Tilsley killed himself. His finished but unrevised manuscript was typed and published by his son Vincent. Now, in proof form, in its blue paper cover, it lies on my desk.

But why have I called it a surprising document? The reason is, and indeed, until this week I had believed that Tilsley's genius as a story-teller was ebbing in his later work.

But I am now certain that I was wrong. I fancy that *Mutiny*—which he believed was his final failure—will be regarded as perhaps the most powerful of all the Tilsley books.

All suicides are needless. But none more so than Frank Tilsley.

### QUOTE

"It was in August 1942 that the squadrons of the Path Finder Force assembled. Typical of the attitude of Bert Harris, our C.O., to the Path Finder Force was the order which he issued to me that the squadrons were to operate the day they arrived, without missing a single night, and that no period would be allowed for preparation or for training. This was quite unreasonable, but... I made no attempt to argue."

From *"PATHFINDER—War-time Memoirs"*, by Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett (Muller, 16s.). A bumpy, bad-tempered, egotistic, fascinating book.



## The woman who comforted a king

FROM a book of fascinating interest, I take this photograph of the celebrated Alice Keppel, mistress of Edward VII.

Mrs Keppel first met the King when she was strolling at Sandown races with Mr Jack Leslie, husband of Sir Winston Churchill's aunt, Anita.

Wrote Anita in her memoirs: "Dear Jacky introduced his fair com-

panion. The Prince immediately asked her to accompany him, and his face lit up with such a smile that Jacky knew he would not see her again for a long time!"

A recent history of Edward VII's reign thus notes the sequel: "It soon became obvious to even the most obtuse onlookers that the King was in far better humour when Alice Keppel

was present than when she was not; and, since the great preoccupation of the day was to divert the King, Mrs Keppel soon found herself invited to all the same country house parties as the Sovereign."

It is well known that Queen Alexandra nobly summoned Mrs Keppel to the King's bedside when he was dying. But what has not been known until now

is the effect of the relationship on Mr Keppel's own family—on her handsome husband George, son of the Earl of Albemarle, and on their two young daughters.

Now one of these daughters has written her autobiography—*EDWARDIAN DAYS*, by Sonia Keppel (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.). I predict it will be one of the big unexpected book successes of the year.

## THE SAINT WHO WROTE A BEST SELLER

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAINT.** By St. Therese of Lisieux. Harrill, 21s.

THE publishers are not quite sure whether this is the story of a "saint who wrote a best-seller" or "the best seller that brought its author a sainthood." The facts are these:

At the age of 14, Therese Martin, belonging to a middle-class French family, pestered the Pope during an audience at the Vatican into allowing her to enter the Carmelite Order at the unsuitably early age of 15.

At the age of 24 she died (1897), convent life having proved too rigorous for one who came of a somewhat sticky family. There were nine Martin children; four died in childhood, five became nuns.

### Expurgated

But this was not the end of the story. In the last two years of her life, Therese wrote an autobiography with the unimpeachable title, *The Story of the Springtime*, or *A Little White Flower*. A local printing works at Lisieux printed it, and the convent published it, heavily expurgated.

It was an unlikely start for a book which, in the last sixty years, has sold millions of copies.

Indeed, so popular has it become, so widespread its influence, that Therese was claimed by her Church as a saint only 28 years after her death. Now, for the first time, the story as Therese wrote it, has been published. Seven thousand alterations were needed to restore the original text. Ronald Knox translated the result into English.

### Devout

Those who do not turn to the book for devotional purposes will open it in a mood of respectful curiosity.

Here is an account of an intense and happy family in North France, of a concentrated, almost obsessive, piety, of a life profoundly devout and touchingly short.

It is also the self-portrait of an extraordinarily sensitive person. A visit to Bologna at the age of 14 was completely spoiled for Therese because a student insisted on lifting her down from a train.

St Therese is not, perhaps, the conventional idea of a saint. But the fact remains that her story has fascinated and edited millions. And, after all, saints are notoriously uncomfortable beings. They are not made to please mortal tastes.

The *Story of the Springtime* of a Little White Flower is a human document of surpassing interest, both for what it reveals and for what it has accomplished.



**HITLER'S YOUTH.** By Franz Jetzinger. Hutchinson, 16s.

ON the first day Hitler entered Linz in Austria after the seizure of that country by his Nazis, he ordered a military service file relating to him to be found. Told that it was missing from the archives, he fell into one of his notorious rages. As late as 1943 the search for the document went on. In vain.

Dr Jetzinger had the file in a crate in his attic.

What did it contain? The proof that Hitler was posted as a deserter from the Austrian army in 1913. And that this, and not political contempt for the Austrian regime, was probably the reason he went to live in Munich.

This is perhaps the only interesting fact brought to light in what is otherwise an unnecessary book: the early life of a loafer who grew up to become one of the most boring monsters in history.

(London Express Services).

## JAZZ COLUMN

## IT'S THE MUSIC THAT COUNTS

By RAMSDEN GREIG

AS Ted Heath once said, with a disdainful glance at the long-haired, bearded, blue-jeaned section of the jazz scene: "A haircut, a shave or a good tailor never spoiled any musician's tone."

Witness Donald Christopher Barber. Here is clean-shaven jazz in a lounge suit and, clean collar.

In a voice that unaccountably makes the man sound Yorkshire-born and bred (he was in fact born in Welwyn Garden City), Chris Barber says: "There is no need to make a spectacle of yourself to play good jazz—or even to bring in the crowds. With the true jazz fan it is the music that counts."

For proof see the Barber band, balance sheets. A year's work can bring in £20,000 for this six-piece band. Even many of the big, 16-piece "pop" bands find difficulty in commanding that kind of money.

Has jazz found more devotees now that rock 'n' roll has lost its appeal?

"No," says Barber "because we've always shown a certain tolerance and called rock 'n' roll jazz fans. After all, rock is only watered-down jazz."

Donald Christopher Barber, voted the man with the best small combination in British jazz today, has reached the top at the ripe old age of 28.

### Way to top

Unlike most of the rock 'n' roll fraternity who found success if not exactly overnight at least after a whole week, Barber has been busting his way to the top since he first applied himself to the trombone at the age of 17.

He says: "In jazz you must know how to play your instrument."

"I spent three years at the Guildhall School of Music, studying and playing in the school symphony orchestra."

The statement might shatter the peppy whistle virtues. But it is not so odd when you consider that the favourite piece of music of the late, great Fats Waller was *Alice With Me*—played with tears streaming down his face, on the organ.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Autograph Hunters

### By Harry Weinert



BEING MISTAKEN FOR THE CURRENT SINGING SENSATION IS ONE FORM OF FLATTERY—WE HOPE.



UNSOLICITED AND COMICAL AUTOGRAPHS LEFT BY DEPARTING HUMOROUS FRIENDS.







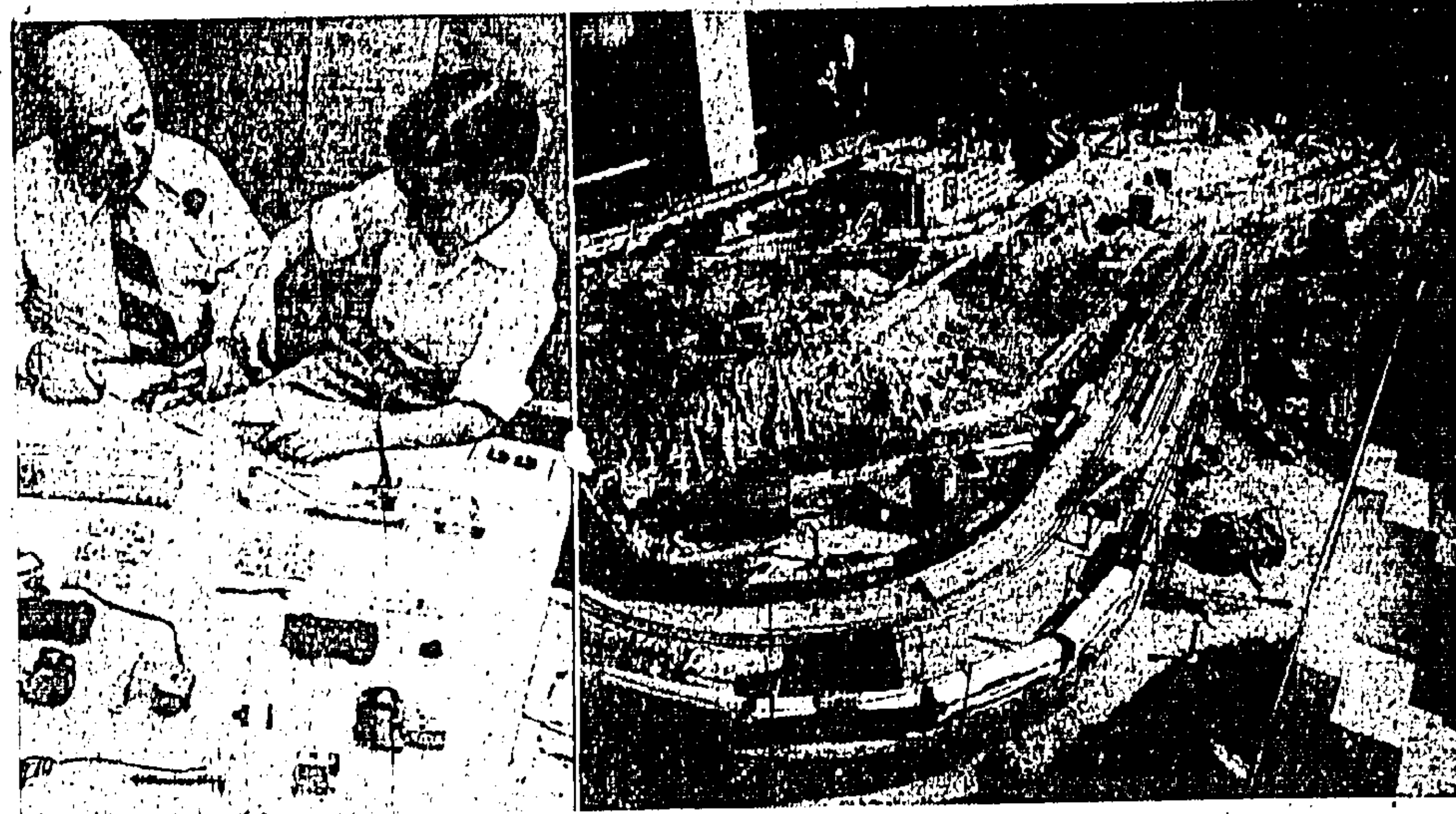




# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



## Boy Inspects Model Train Factory



ONE of the luckiest boys in the world is Jeffrey White of Newark, N. J. He had a tour of a toy train factory and watched the process from beginning to end. He even got a chance to operate the plush track layout in the factory on which the latest cars and locomotives are demonstrated. There is a rigid ban on visitors, especially during the busy season. But Jeff wrote

such an appealing letter that the Lionel company decided to make an exception of his case. So he spent the day going from one department to another watching the manufacturing process. On the left he is pictured looking at the unassembled parts of a locomotive. On the right he is shown at the controls of the model train system making the freights and passengers whiz.

## MODEL RAILROADS THRILL THOUSANDS

By EMORY J. ANDERSON

YOUR new electric train whizzing around its oval track in the drawing room certainly does look like the real thing. But the true railroad model building fans go even further in their search for reality.

There are probably people, even in your own neighborhood, who work seriously at building train models. Perhaps

you've heard of HO scale model trains. Well, that's the scale the serious modeller works with when he sets about building scenery and scale model trains. The regular model trains you buy in the department store are O scale. That's 1/8 inch per foot of real train, the largest of the scales. The smallest of the popular sizes is the HO scale which is 3/16 millimeters per foot of real train. The HO scale is the most popular.

Between these two is another popular scale, S scale, which is 3/16 inch per foot of real train. The creed of the modeller is to have the train start from somewhere, go somewhere, do something, and return to where it started. The place it goes doesn't have to be far away, just a few feet is often enough, but the serious modeller wants his train at least to stop at a station or unload something at a loading platform or drop a few cars on a siding.

Building model trains in one of the smaller scales needn't be expensive, although people who want to can spend a great deal of money to achieve the proper scenic effects and build unusual cars or engines. There are several good magazines on the newsstands that give detailed instruction and information on how to build different cars and engines as well as photographs of good scenic effects for which any modeller might want to strive.

## Harpoons Still Useful In Fishing

THERE is an old fisherman's saying in New Bedford, Massachusetts that:

"A harpoon is like a bayonet. The one thing you can't do with it is sit on it."

The harpoon was once the pet symbol of New Bedford as the legendary weapon by which whales were killed.

Oddly enough, the legend of the harpoon as a death dealing tool was purely mythical.

The harpoon was merely the tool which "tied the whale to the whaleboat." The weapon with which the whale was really killed was a four-foot knife called "the lance."

Today, harpoons in New Bedford are definitely not being "set on." They have a new target, the mighty swordfish.

One New Bedford commercial fishing boat is converted every spring from dragging to sword-fishing.

"Conversion" consists of adding a long pulpit to the bow of the ship for the harpooner to



The swordfish hunt is exciting. The harpooner is equipped with a dozen harpoons, each fastened to a coloured leg. The harpooner spears the swordfish and throws the coloured leg overboard. "Sometimes things pop pretty fast," one swordfisherman said. "A couple of times I've seen nine coloured legs bounce along the water, each one tied to a big swordfish."

When a swordfish is harpooned, a crewman goes overboard in a dory to follow the fish till it gives up the fight, then tow it back to the mother boat.

Towing the swordfish is in itself a sort of science. The main strategy lies in tying the tow rope around the swordfish's tail so the harpoon won't tear loose when the swordfish is hauled aboard.

## Giddap Has Big News

—His Cousin Is Going To Help The Queen—

By MAX TRELL

THE clump, clump, clump of footsteps sounded on the street. It was very early in the morning. No one in the house was awake but Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name.

Hearing the footsteps, Knarf ran outside and stood on the pavement in front of the house.

A moment or two later, the Milkwagon Horse came around the corner, pulling the milkwagon (and the driver, the Milkman, too) after him.

The wagon stopped in front of a door.

### Quick Talk

As soon as the Milkman had walked off to deliver bottles of milk to the houses along the street, Knarf went over to have a quick talk with the Milkwagon Horse.

"Good morning, Giddap," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Knarf," replied Giddap.

"I haven't seen you in a long time," said Knarf.

"You don't get up early enough," Giddap answered. "I'm here every morning, rain or shine."

"What's happened since the last time I saw you?" asked Knarf.

### Hay and Oats

"Now let me see," said Giddap. "Prancer isn't the only horse out there. I've walked through a lot of streets in this town. I've watched the Milkman put bottles of milk in front of lots of houses."

"Is that all that happened?" Knarf asked.

The Milkwagon Horse was silent for a minute.

"No! Something else happened. I almost forgot," said Giddap.

Knarf waited to hear.

"A cousin of mine," Giddap told him, "went to England."

"Really?" asked Knarf.

"What's he going to do in England?"

"He's going to London," said Giddap. "He's going to help the Queen."



Knarf watched Giddap pull the wagon down the street.

### Beautiful Horse

"Now, my cousin's name," said the Milkwagon Horse, "is Prancer. He's a beautiful-looking horse."

But how is he going to help the Queen?" Knarf asked impatiently.

"In this way," replied Giddap, the Milkwagon Horse. "He's going to go to the Queen's coach when she goes riding through London."

Knarf was surprised.

"Doesn't the Queen have an automobile?"

"I'm sure she does," answered the Milkwagon Horse, "but she likes to ride in a coach, too. I've been told that the Queen has dozens of beautiful coaches—some large, some small, some painted brown, some painted black and some with windows, some with places for coachmen and footmen. But my cousin, Prancer, is pulling the most beautiful coach of all."

"What kind is it?" asked Knarf.

### Gilded Coach

"It's all gilded in gold! But Prancer isn't the only horse that pulls it, of course. Sometimes there are six or eight or ten or maybe more horses, all pulling together. I've never seen it's a most beautiful sight!"

"That's wonderful!" said Knarf.

"Crowds of people cheer when my cousin, Prancer, and the Queen go galloping by."

"I wish I could see them," said Knarf.

"So do I," said Giddap, the Milkwagon Horse, as the Milkman returned. And the Milkwagon went rolling down the street and Giddap's footsteps went clump, clump, clump in the early morning.

## Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

### TUNISIAN REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four facts about Tunisia in his rebus. You can find them if you use the words and pictures correctly.

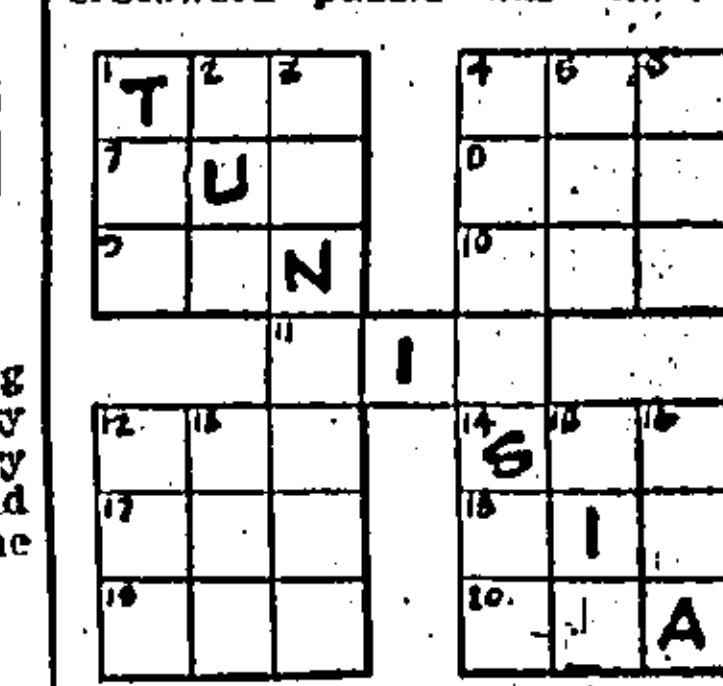


### SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete out by setting him straight on his sentence about Tunisia: former was sovereign 1956. French a in Tunisia, state proclaimed protectorate

### CROSSWORD

Curiousist Cal thought he would letter in TUNISIA to give you some help with the crossword puzzle this time:



### ACROSS

- 1 Transposon (ab.)
- 4 Female rabbit
- 7 Regret
- 8 Conclusion
- 9 Girl's name
- 10 Golf mound
- 11 Expire
- 12 Observe
- 14 Seaport (ab.)
- 15 Sailor
- 16 Blind
- 19 Years (ab.)
- 20 Body of water

### DOWN

- 1 Tin coin of Malaya
- 2 Operate
- 3 Dispatchers
- 4 Hates
- 5 Individual
- 6 Dutch city
- 12 Pigeon
- 13 Organ of hearing
- 15 Pastry
- 16 Beverage

### MIRROR WORK

Use a mirror (or read backward) to find the three facts about Tunisia. Puzzle Pete has concealed in these strange lines:

SLIOS EXIVRE  
ETATIS YIABIRAD  
SMELSON

### DIAMOND

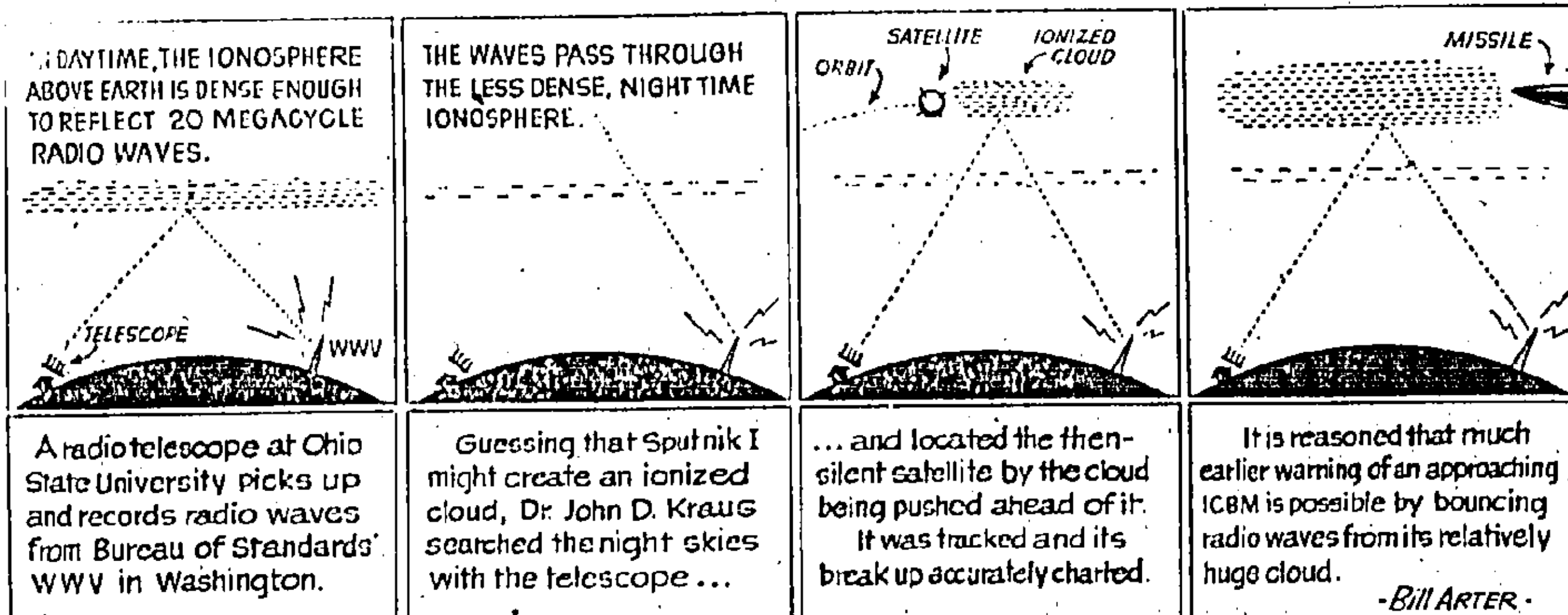
TUNISIA is the centre of Puzzle Pete's word-diamond. The second word is "a young dog", third "pertains to punishment", fifth is "a sticky substance", and sixth, "a falsehood."

### TUNISIA

S  
I  
A

(Solutions on Page 20)

## ODD ACTIONS OF THE 'MOONS'



A radiotelescope at Ohio State University picks up and records radio waves from Bureau of Standards WWV in Washington.

Guessing that Sputnik I might create an ionized cloud, Dr. John D. Kraus searched the night skies with the telescope...

...and located the then-silent satellite by the cloud being pushed ahead of it. It was tracked and its break up accurately charted.

It is reasoned that much earlier warning of an approaching ICBM is possible by bouncing radio waves from its relatively huge cloud.

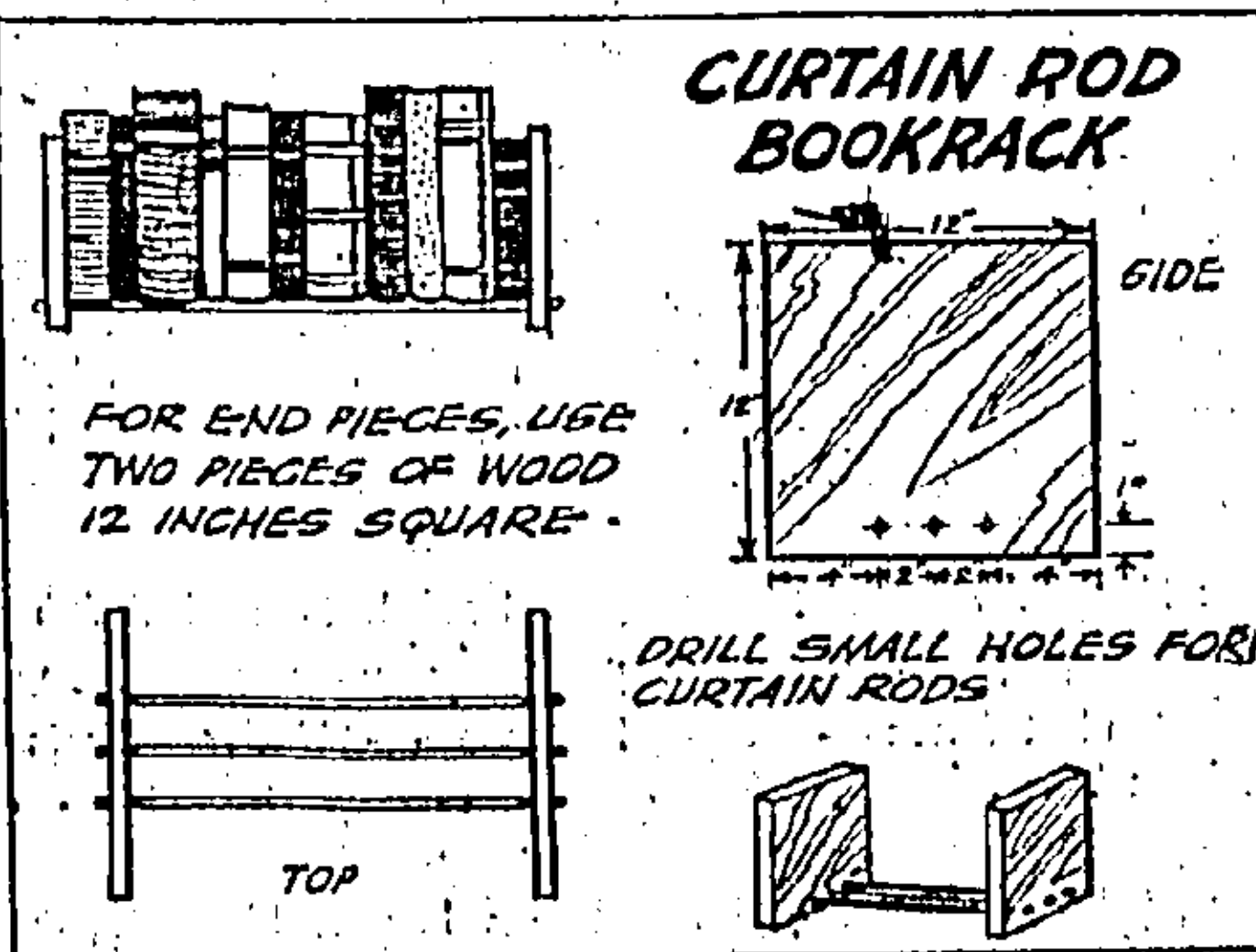
—Bill Arter—

## Rack 'Grows' As Books Are Added

By BESS RITTER

YOU really don't have to know much about carpentry in order to construct a neat looking bookrack for your desk from two squares of scrap wood and three saash type curtain rods—the very sort that are used for bathroom windows.

Each piece of wood should be sawed down to measure 12 inches square. Now three holes should be drilled into each one, measuring in one inch from one side. Centre the holes, and space them about two inches apart from each other. Be careful, however, not to make them too big. For you'll want to slip the curtain rods through them, in a very tight wedge. If they're



FOR END PIECES, USE TWO PIECES OF WOOD 12 INCHES SQUARE.

### CURTAIN ROD BOOKRACK

DRILL SMALL HOLES FOR CURTAIN RODS.

piece of wood, and the actual lengths on the inside. Connect the rods and you'll have a U-shaped affair, as a result, with the three rods horizontal, in the middle, and the squares of wood vertical.

Set your books on the rods, and you'll find that the wood on each side will keep them upright. For a small number of volumes, keep the rods at their smallest. To accommodate more, just pull them out as required.

Decorate the wood with paint or stain, after sandpapering the cut edges until they are smooth. To make additional racks of this sort for your friends—who will really appreciate the telescoping feature—try other shapes for the wood, such as triangles (with the longest side, of course, facing the bottom), or, if you happen to be handy with a hacksaw, two half circles, again with the straight side, down.

## ZOO'S WHO



IT WOULD TAKE 2000 FIREFLIES FLASHING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO PRODUCE THE SAME ROOM ILLUMINATION AS A SINGLE CANDLE.

WHILE ONE THINKING!

PICK UP YOUR HELPER'S ENVELOPE LAST!

ABOUT 141,000 CHINESE FISHERMEN LIVE IN BOATS IN THE TERRITORIAL WATERS OF HONG KONG.

## Rupert and Floppity—43



When the Chinese boy has calmed down, Floppity wants to know how the monkey was found. "I told you, Floppity would help on his trail, and he certainly did," Rupert smiles happily. "But he nearly lost him in the end because he couldn't climb trees! Now I must be off."

Mummy will be wondering where I am. So goodbye. Reaching home he taps on the door and when it opens slowly he sees the worried face of his. Bear peeping round it. "Ah, it's only you. Come in," she says in relief. "I thought it might be another fierce dog running in!"

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CONCLUDING THE BIG SERIAL SUCCESS...

# The Summing-up

I dedicate my story to the racehorse, to all racehorses, without whom I should never have known so many people in so many lands. Thanks for the ride.



by  
Rae  
Johnstone

appearance — as a full-time jockey.

I did not want to say at the time why I was retiring because it would have looked like crying. And I certainly had nothing to cry about. And I did not want anybody weeping any genuine, or crocodile, tears over me either.

My last ride was an old friend, Midgott. Maybe, had I been riding with maximum confidence, I would have won. Maybe I would have held her up that little bit longer instead of inching to the front a furlong from home and then getting beaten a neck in the Prix de la Porte Maillot. But I had not been going well enough to be enjoying maximum confidence. And that, as I have said before, is what a jockey needs so much.

"Thank you"

To those that have given it me, I want particularly to say "Thank you."

I had only announced my intention of retiring to two people. And it was a lonely sensation, after 37 years of being wrapped up in the riding game, walking off the racecourse before the end of the Longchamp programme, for the last time as a jockey.

The following month I flew home to see my mother; setting off from London Airport and looking down a short way out on an unmistakably familiar scene—Epsom racecourse.

Maybe, one day, I would train a horse to run there for the greatest race in the world.

Meanwhile, with a deep sense of gratitude to all the friends who have supported me, I dedicate my story to the racehorses, to all racehorses, without whom I should never have known so many people in so many lands. Thanks for the ride. And to you, thanks for coming along to it.

THE END

© The Rae Johnstone Story will be published later this year by Stanley Paul and Co.

## ROUND-UP

### NEW SCHOOLS

SOME 2,000 Yorkshire children are moving into seven new schools in North Riding after the summer holidays. The schools have cost more than £100,000. Among them is a Secondary school at Skelton, a Grammar School at Pickering. Modern schools at Bedale, Bratton, Thirsk and Malton and a school for educationally sub-normal children from the Cleveland area at Kirkstatham.

### MUSICAL MARATHON

KNOWN as "Musical Marie," Mrs Marie Ashton, 40, of Manchester, has just achieved what is claimed a world record in playing the piano. At a Blyth theatre she played continuously for 133 hours. This beat her previous record of 131 hours. About 21,000 people visited the theatre during the musical marathon.

### WOMAN DETECTIVE

POLICEWOMAN Florence Coates, stationed at Darlington, an ex-W.A.A.F. and nurse, is the first woman detective to be appointed by the Durham County Police. Miss Coates, whose home is at Darlington, says being a policewoman is "an ideal job for a woman who is keen on order and has a sense of humour. The unknown appeals to me."

### 1,700-MILE WALK

FOR a pint of beer, teaching student, Bob Reid, 22, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, has hitch-hiked 1,700 miles. His rival was Derek Hadman, 21, a fellow student. The wager was who could travel the farthest in three days with only 1s. in their possession. Bob reached Lendore, north of Ullapool, Scotland then returned to Oundle where he discovered he had travelled 100 miles farther than Derek, who had reached Inverness.

### HISTORIC STANDARD

HIDDEN during the last war from the Germans, the 32-year-old standard of Boulogne British Legion was laid up in Folkestone Parish Church on August 31 during the town's French Week. It was replaced by a silver standard presented by the Folkestone branch and its women's section and dedicated as an open-air service at which the salute was taken by the national president, Major-General Sir Richard Howard-Visse.

### "HAMS"

A MATEUR radio operators in Suffolk are setting up their own network to transmit urgent messages after serious crashes or in other emergencies. The decision follows a recent Red Cross exercise in which officials found it took them half an hour to reach four vital contacts by telephone. The radio network is being run by nine amateurs in the Ipswich, Suffolk district. They include farmers, a printer, and a Royal Air Force corporal. A farm vehicle has been turned into a mobile transmitter.

### SWIMMING

THOUSANDS of miles out at sea scores of youngsters have taken their first lesson in swimming—in the swimming pool of the 22,000-ton liner, Strathmore. Swimming pool attendant, Brian Roberts, 32, of Worthing, Sussex, has taught 85 children to swim since he joined the liner. He took the job to escape the hot galley in which he worked as a kitchen hand. Whenever the liner docks in Australia, where she runs regularly, children he has taught often come down to see him again.

### FLOATING BOTTLE

THREE children from Beverwyk, Holland, Terry Jakes, 18, Paul, 14, and Pete, 13, are spending two weeks at Ipswich, Suffolk, as a result of a message in a lemonade bottle that drifted for 240 miles after being dropped from a rowing boat off Felixstowe. The bottle, discovered near their home by the children's father, a motor mechanic, was put into the sea by John Baxenden, 14, of Coleridge Road, Ipswich. The two families became pen friends as a result. Mr Baxenden, an electrician, says his family hope to make a return visit next summer.

### CAT CONGRESS

THIS month London is holding its first Cat Congress. On the agenda for discussion are such subjects as "minimum family rights for cats," a cat's life in a vegetarian home, and the problems facing a cat who must move as a result of the Rent Act. Sponsored by the London Committee of the Cats' Protection League, the Congress is being held in Westminster.

## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE

had not been my year. And my first ride of 1956 on March 14 looked like setting the tempo for the new season—however far I went with it—when Va Longtemps finished last of five at Le Tremblay.

In just under a month's time I would be 51, an age which could not be expected to promote competitive patronage, and I did not want to fizzle out like a damp squib after a not unucky career.

I was, in fact, in a mood for retirement when Peter O'Sullivan and I dined together in Paris that evening after racing at Tremblay. Peter had been a stable touring for the Daily Express and was wrapped up in a coil of M. Wertheimer's called Lavandin.

"I wish you were riding him this season," said Peter, who had been insisting that good rides would materialise if I kept going.

As I drove Peter back to the Rue Cambon and we pulled up at his hotel, so M. Wertheimer stepped out.

A drink was proposed. We talked for long of old times. It was several years since a contract had existed between us. And we talked a little of Lavandin. "Ah, that is my pet," said M. Wertheimer. And Peter murmured afterwards words to the effect that it was a pity I was no longer his pet, too.

In his book, Johnstone tells of a series of dramatic events that led to Alec Head nominating him for the ride on Lavandin in the Derby.

### Off form

Since I have previously remarked on the value of being in form, you will appreciate that on arrival in England for Derby week, with a losing sequence in France of 61, I was not exactly buoyant.

For those closely associated with a horse who carries such high hopes, the nearer you get to the event, the more does confidence tend to weaken.

So that by the time Alec, Peter, "Quinney" Glibbey, and I met for dinner on Monday evening—two days before the Derby—we were each trying to maintain the other's leaking confidence.

Alec, of course, endured the greater strain. A race-writer wants to select the right horse in his paper. A jockey wants to ride the winner. But for the trainer "the day" represents the culminating point in many months of carefully practised skill, keen observation, and persistent worry. And in this instance peculiar circumstances heightened the tension for Alec one hundredfold.

"We shall need a larger table on Wednesday night," Peter told the maître d'hotel at the Mirabelle. But none of us really believed it. And it was only a few hours later that three of us became reasonably convinced that there would be no grounds for celebration on the night of Wednesday, June 6.

I was to meet Alec at Epsom at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning. I imagined that the plan would be to run Lavandin round the turn and, maybe, sprint him up a little.

Peter and I arrived early on the downs, on a cold, drizzling morning, no as to see other Derby horses who would be working. Most of them were sent round Tattenham Corner at a good clip, and Pirate King, being led by the year older Gesture, took it with impressive efficiency.

### Weakness

I was surprised when Alec said: "All I want you to do is to enter a steady seven furlongs on the outside behind the lead horse, Bulson Ardent will follow you."

So we took a gentle cruise, as if we were in Hyde Park's Rotten Row, eased up passing the stands and jogged on down to the paddock. And here it happened.

Alec and Peter had driven round on the inside car track to meet us. I jumped down, alighted the reins over Lavandin's head, and the three of us saw him distinctly "prop" as he bent to pick grass.

Alec's face then showed for a fleeting instant what those bandages were for. And they were not simply for protective purposes, but to sustain a weak-

ness which the firm ground may have revealed already.

"Walk him round, Perkins," said Alec to his head lad. Then he went over to Bulson Ardent, to whom Roger Poincelot had been switched. How typical of the game it would be, I couldn't help reflecting. If the stable's other runner turned out to be the best of all.

Peter and I drove down to a café in Epsom for a cup of coffee. Maybe it wasn't the café's fault that it didn't taste so good. We didn't say anything much. But it looked like the end of a fairy tale all right.

That afternoon a much-fancied two-year-old whom Alec had brought over, Mehdi, ridden by Roger Poincelot, was beaten half a length in the Woodcote Stakes by Mansbridge.

The defeat obviously bore no relationship to Lavandin's Derby prospects. But somehow it was not a good omen.

And so to "the day."

### A break

Cold, driving rain chilled and soaked us as we waited to mount in the paddock, and inter throughout the pursuit. But it had not affected the ground and it rode pretty firm.

Going up the hill in the rain, with divots skinned from the top surface flying up from the front tankers, I was more concerned with getting a good position at the mile post than with studying the position of the others.

There were, I estimated, at least seven strung out ahead of me when I got a lucky break at the top of the hill, went through on the "inner," and

gained a couple of places on the descent. But, although I had not sought any effort, we were still a long way back.

Pirate King was a good eight lengths ahead of me. Just all right if we were good enough and I was beginning to think, maybe, yes. Then through the rain, now driving across our near side, I saw that Pirate King was not in front. He was being led some five lengths by Monterey!

This was where we went. It is a matter of course, I am told, for a winning jockey to say that he always thought he was going to win. In which case I shall be conforming to pattern when I say that, from the moment we entered the straight, that was how I felt.

### All ready

For once I "picked him up" he levelled out and used himself with courage and zest, so that steadily Lavandin surged up to the leaders. A weakening Pirate King left Monterey a long way clear, but with two furlongs to go Rolstar had collared him—though his maximum effort had been expended in doing so.

My fellow was moving rhythmically, ready, thoroughbred-like, to pull out every stop. But I only had to keep him going as he was, and inside the last furlong (having struck the front 200 yards previously) I must admit I was already thinking of his future, and suffering him not to strike the ground too hard when further effort was needless.

I sensed a horse (Montaval, it was) coming at us in the last few yards when I was already easing Lavandin down. In fact there was a "photo-finish" but

when "First, No. 27" was called over the loudspeaker, I did not have to look down at my number cloth to verify that it was that of Lavandin, first Derby runner in 48 years of ownership for M. Pierre Wertheimer, who had won.

### So tough

The crowd warm to a big winner—supported or not—and although I was warm by now in the cold rain the reception was extra warming also. Old Emile Hales, my valet in the dressing room, was crying a little when I walked in with the middle. At least I think he was. I wasn't seeing too good myself. This was to be my 30th and last classic success. That large table at the Mirabelle was required after all.

[The Rae Johnstone story moves on to June—mid-season that is—1957. When, having ridden a total of only three winners in England, France, and Ireland, he continues:—]

It's tough at the top, they say. In other sporting spheres top men I have known, such as boxer Rocky Marciano, golfer Norman Von Nida and cricketer Keith Miller, have confirmed that to me from their respective angles. And racing is sure no exception.

But no one would complain about that. Rather be grateful for having got there.

Now the game that had served me so well looked like giving me up. So I thought I would get in first. That was why, when I left Mary's and my apartment on June 30, 1957 to drive the seven kilometers to Longchamp, I had already decided that this was to be my last

## 'Head-Shrinkers'

(OR, MORE PROPERLY, PSYCHOLOGISTS)

## Hand Out The Jobs!

by SARAH ROTHCHILD

DO you often get pink spots all over? Do you share a room with your wife? Is your father a tyrant?

If you overheard these questions you might think you had strayed into one of the more embarrassing television quiz programmes.

But you would be wrong. For these are the type of questions being asked by big business firms of their future employees.

QUESTIONS based on the American system of trial by psychological tests.

### CHEATS

QUESTIONS on whose answers depend the careers of the future leaders of big business in Britain.

A psychologist explained to me the purpose of the tests. "We don't want to find out whether the brain under consideration knows when the Roman Empire declined or the crown of the Borg-voce in 1937. We just want to find out whether a candidate is quick on the uptake."

"Quick on the uptake," as far as big business is concerned, means knowing how to cheat the company psychologist.

And nearly all the big business firms, like P.C.I. Shell, Unilever, B.P. and J. Walter Thompson, have their resident psychologists.

"It's not really very difficult," a young man in Shell told me. "At my interview I was asked 'How do you see yourself in 15 years' time?' Of course I did not answer 'Smoking a cigar in the boardroom,' but 'In an executive job earning £3,000 a year.'"

Other questions were—

### HIS CODE

"WHAT was the last book you read?"

"It's best," the Shell man told me, "to say an historical novel or biography—never Ovid or anything highbrow."

AND: "If you were lost up the River Niger in Africa how would you spend your spare time?"

"I replied: 'Playing gramophone records,'" said the Shell man. The examiners were satisfied. He got the job.

Another expert on how to cheat the psychologists is American William H. Whyte. His advice for "white-collar" men is to report to yourself—

"I LOVE my father and mother, but my father a little bit more."

I LIKE things pretty well and I NEVER worry much about anything. — I DON'T care for books or music much. — I LOVE my wife and children. — I DON'T let them interfere with my work.

Many of the tests are aimed at testing the candidates' "normality." There is no place for the odd genius or eccentric in big business.

For instance, at one stage in Unilever's tests there is a "group discussion," in which candidates have to choose and discuss a topic. At one test they chose: Do Army officers make good managers? They rejected one on Ballet in Britain.

At another stage the aspiring business men sit in a semi-circle with the selectors ranged behind their chairs. Each candidate has to tell his life story in two minutes.

Then comes the group task. The candidates have to pretend to be a board of directors arguing a tricky problem arising from a clash of personalities in their company.

Big-business methods have changed in the last years. "In those days," said an old-timer at Unilever nostalgically, "we just sat in a formal application to join the firm, our handwriting was examined—they were very keen on calligraphy in those days—and we had to do a few sums."

"Now the tests are just like the ones they give in the Army to test leadership—except we don't have to jump over ditches."

I very much doubt whether these industrial "whizz-bang" tests (which advice to business men was "Never be a jolly good fellow" or Henry Ford (who said "History is bunk") could pass the tests given to the aspiring business men of today. They would probably select them as being "maladjusted" or "lacking in potential leadership qualities."

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Now don't ask me to do something foolish—like backing up!"

GREAT WAY TO KEEP GOING! HAVE THIS  
quick, refreshing lift!



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like Seven-Up!









# SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

## Is Quality Better Than Quantity?

"THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE HONGKONG FOOTBALL LEAGUE SHOULD COMPRISE NOT MORE THAN SIX OR AT THE MOST EIGHT TEAMS".

Take a deep breath before you start searching for bricks to throw at the MacTavish Topper for these are not my words.

The statement was made to me during the wedding reception in honour of Benny Omar and his charming bride at the Indian Recreation Club on Wednesday evening. Let me assure you it was no fly-by-night utterance made in the glowing mellowness of a convivial gathering.

It was a serious observation made, by a man who has been closely connected with senior football for thirty years; a man in fact who is still one of the most active influences behind all that is best in Hongkong football.

"Years ago competition was much keener," he said. "Players had to fight to get into senior soccer for the very good reason that there were only a few teams strong enough to play in the First Division. Today players swing round with the senior flag long before they are worthy of it and as a result our football has deteriorated steadily."

The situation has not been helped by the star gathering system which is nowadays so prevalent. It means that although there are many clubs in the senior division, real competition is confined to the matches between a select few. The remainder of the games which the big clubs have to play are devoid of interest except for those who speculate on the margin of the victory which the big boys will register."

### Too True

I doubt if even the most enthusiastic football fan will find much to quibble about in that preceding comment. What this man of football has to say is only too true and during last season the tussle for the league trophy was a one horse race for most of the time although KMB did manage to sustain at least a superficial challenge for some months.

It is often easier to criticise than to offer constructive advice and so I lobbed one problem right back into my friend's penalty area.

I asked him point blank "What would YOU do to rectify the situation which exists at present?" His reply was prompt and precise: "Cut the number of Senior clubs immediately. Six is as many as we can support satisfactorily but it may be possible with good planning to have an eight-club competition."

"This would enable us to run two separate tournaments each season with a collection of teams much more evenly matched than those taking part in the present lopsided star-studded league programme. It would also provide much better entertainment for the fans and it would certainly maintain their interest throughout the season instead of during the week-ends when the reasonably well-matched sides happen to be in opposition."

### Worth A Place

My interest was certainly aroused. I asked just which team would figure in his hypothetical competition.

"South China and KMB would almost certainly each be worth

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

a place. Then there should be a Combined Services side which would have a real chance of meeting the local Chinese teams on fairly level terms. After that I would suggest some sort of Kowloon Combined eleven... A Hongkong Combined side... and some sort of Combined Civilian side which would include the present Hongkong Police team. That would provide the basic strength of the league. It is a matter for further consideration where we would find the other one, two, or three clubs to make up a league that would really be a balanced competition."

Well, there you have it. I can almost hear the groans of indignation from Kitchie, Eastern and Sing Tao supporters as I write... But I ask you to remember that this is a suggestion put forward by a Chinese football enthusiast who—in spite of everything—still believes that the game is more important than the personal-

ities, who are concerned, individual or collective.

There should be plenty in that to keep many of you arguing over the week-end and further into the future. Ask yourself the question... Should we prune our First Division to smaller dimensions in the interests of better competition... and consequently... better football? Intriguing thought!

★ ★ ★  
The rhythmic tattoo of leather on flesh and knuckles on leather has been heard with pleasing regularity in

the vicinity of the Missions To Seamen's gymnasium during the week. A peep through the windows showed 20 virile young pugilists from various Army units gathered together for a coaches' training course. Under the guidance of Captain Murdoch-Muirhead, Staff Sergeant Chandler and Sergeant Madden the 'students' are going through a tough conditioning programme as one could devise.

First Venture

But it is not all brawn and the finer points of the 'noble art' are given comprehensive coverage. Theory and practice are intelligently mixed. As far as I can trace this is the first venture of its kind to be held in the Colony by the Army Physical Training Corps. It is certainly a popular innovation and the units who have released men to take part in it will surely reap a rich benefit when they return and assist in the

job of coaching regimental boxing teams. Another aspect which should not be overlooked is that the individuals concerned are, of course, boxes of some standing and their attendance on this concentrated course will put them in tip top physical condition for the new season. Prospective opponents will have to get on quickly to the job of getting fit otherwise they will find themselves at a big disadvantage when serious competition commences. What better incentive could there be for all active boxes than to embark on a planned training programme without delay?

★ ★ ★  
In the years I have been writing this column I have often made it quite clear that I have no intention of churning out the sort of sugar-sweet pleasantries that are more suitable for a society gossip round-up than a sports survey.

Nothing has happened to make me change my mind—or my principles—of writing without lies or reservations what I believe to be fair comment and criticism.

I mention this in passing this week because it is becoming increasingly obvious that we have a sprinkling of personalities in our sporting midst who sit back and fawn contentedly under a shower of compliments but who squirm and twist as soon as criticism—however much it is justified—is levelled against them or their pet interests.

The 'Tip-Off'

I was rather amused the other evening to be given the 'tip-off' that one or two people 'didn't like' my two articles on the KMB fiasco in Singapore. Everywhere you turn somebody seems to be falling over

himself to minimise or explain away the conduct of the players. There is the strangest reluctance to face up to the fact that a touring team carries an extra special responsibility on its shoulders and that its behaviour... good or bad... is international news. When something like the KMB incident occurs the international news angle is not that KMB were involved in an unsavoury affair but that HONGKONG FOOTBALLERS were involved. That is the really important thing at stake.

A Grave Error?

This venture, according to the planners, is going to restore the goodwill which was so completely destroyed the last time KMB appeared at Jalan Besar Stadium... but one wonders what the Hongkong Football Association will think about such an arrangement and the obvious risks which are involved. It could be a grave error.

It would surely be better for all concerned if KMB returned quietly to Hongkong and allowed the HKFA to decide, on the merits of their case, how much of the criticism levelled against them has been justified. The KMB controversy has been rather submerged by the current news regarding South China's unfortunate experience in India and Burma. Personally I deplore the introduction of politics into sport but in these unusual times unusual things happen... and my only comment is that South China should have prepared their itinerary with greater care and enlightenment prescient before they left Hongkong.

This present embarrassment could have been prevented.

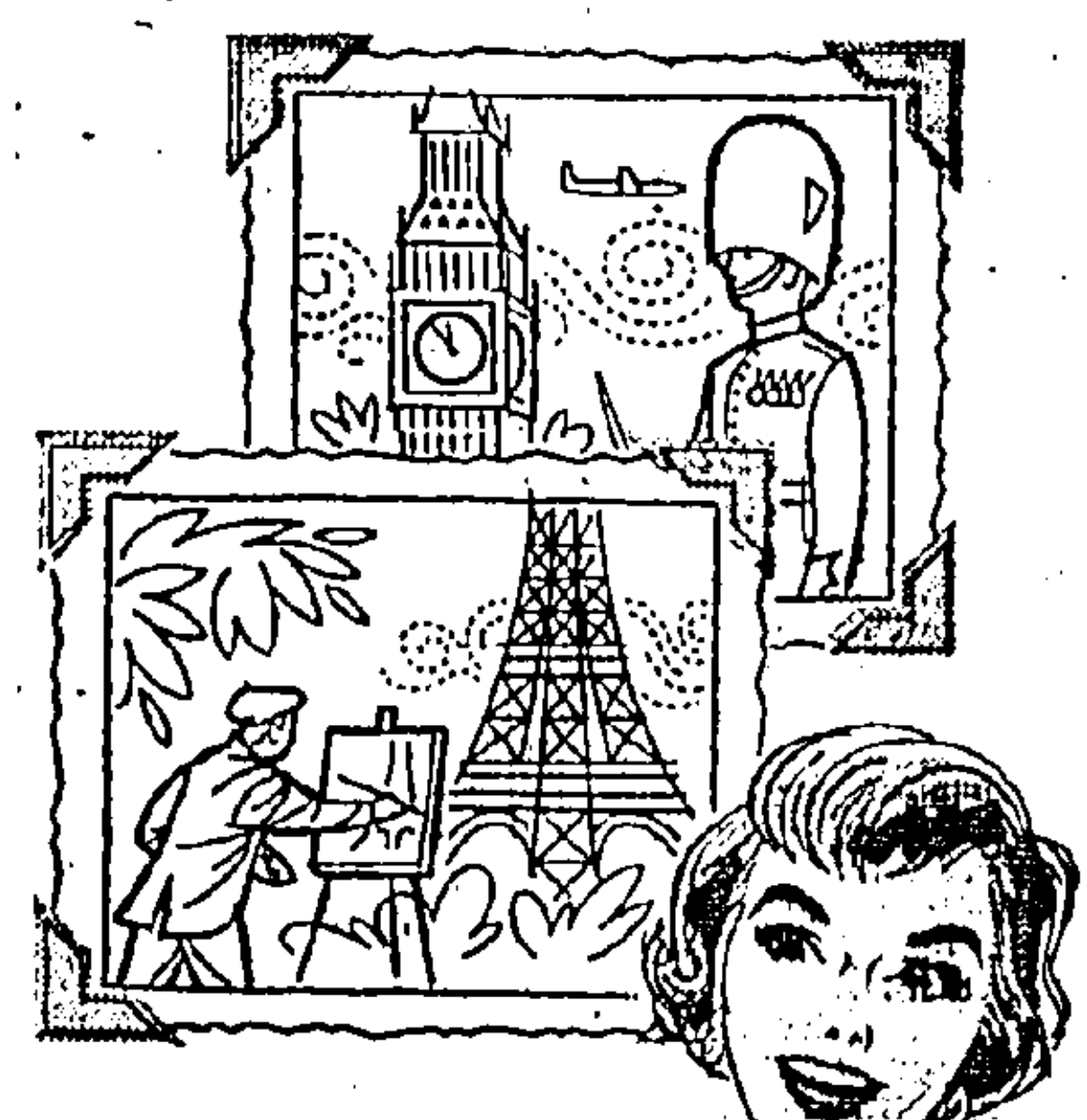
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## A Conversation Between Britain's Racing Drivers

### 'THE DANGER MAKES THE SPORT'

SINCE the death of Peter Collins in the German Grand Prix many people have wondered how the tragedy would affect his old rivals and close friends Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn.

In London last week they recorded this frank conversation with Peter Gannier, Sports Editor of the "Autocar".

**GANNIER:** Many people have asked me whether either of you would retire soon in view of Peter Collins's death. Is there anything you care to say?

**HAWTHORN:** Naturally, immediately after it happened I didn't want to go on. But both Peter's widow Louise and his father said I should not give up, and on reflection I couldn't see what good it would do.

**MOSS:** I feel I should retire until I get the world championship—though it looks as if I shan't get it this year because of Mike!

**GANNIER:** Does the championship bring to the front the best drivers?

**MOSS:** Normally yes. But take Peter Collins two years ago. He told me that he would have been embarrassed if he had won it. Remember how he handed his seat over to Fangio in the Italian Grand Prix and let him become champion. He knew and we knew that he wasn't the best; he was one of the best. But the championship is the fullest method that can be arranged.

**GANNIER:** Is there a small category at the top in Grand Prix racing in a separate group?

**HAWTHORN:** I think there is. It was about seven. With Fangio's retirement and the deaths of Mueso and Collins it's down to three or four, but, of course, as we tell the up and coming drivers will take over. At the moment I think most of Allison and Hill who are both British. But this new Italian Junior, 1.5 cc. formula is bound to throw up some good drivers. I'd like to start it—they just haven't got anyone.

**GANNIER:** There has been some speculation about incoming new rules for Grand Prix racing to make it safer. What do you think of that?

**HAWTHORN:** I think it's worth remembering that in every Grand Prix since the war there have been only three fatal accidents. One occurred before Stirling and I started and the other two—Mueso and Collins—both in the last few weeks.

**MOSS:** Grand Prix racing is the safest. You have the pick of the best drivers in the world, the best cars and the best maintenance. There is an accepted unwritten code between drivers, though it applies to only a very small group. For example, I think there are only three men I would pass on the outside of a curve—the most dangerous move in motor racing.

**HAWTHORN:** Yes, many drivers would panic if you did that.

**MOSS:** It's like two men on a trapeze. One man knows that the other is not going to let him fall. For example, if I'm on the limit at a corner and Mike is too, he knows I won't do anything damn silly.

**GANNIER:** The circuits themselves be made safer?

**MOSS:** Those poles at Monte Carlo and the ditches at Rheims are preventable hazards, but I don't think you can stop a Grand Prix circuit being naturally hazardous. As long as there is a good surface a Grand Prix driver should be able to race anywhere.

**HAWTHORN:** I entirely agree. People tell you Silverstone is the safest circuit and Nurburgring the most dangerous—that it should be banned. But I guarantee eight out of ten drivers prefer the Nurburgring. At Silverstone the other week I suddenly thought, "I don't like this track." I was bored.

**MOSS:** An expert bridge player would not enjoy playing with novices like Mike and myself. He wants to play with his equals. It's the same with racing. The danger makes the sport. It's the challenge it presents, and at Nurburgring it happens to be the 176 corners you have to take.

**HAWTHORN:** Yes, at Silverstone if you make a mistake there is always the escape road. It takes the pleasure out of racing—a sort of aquatic pleasure, I suppose.

**MOSS:** If I were a high-wire walker I wouldn't use a net. As long as they could perform on or off a track I don't see why they should try to make circuits safer.

**HAWTHORN:** If a driver isn't capable of dealing with a circuit like the Nurburgring then

he shouldn't race on it. Peter Collins knew all about the circuits and he wouldn't have raced if he thought he couldn't.

**MOSS:** The real tragedy is if a driver is killed through somebody else's fault.

**GANNIER:** Ask in the case of Collins, it is fair to say he made the mistake himself?

**HAWTHORN:** I think so. I think he just accelerated too soon.

**MOSS:** The only people one must make sure about are the spectators. But I do feel that if a driver doesn't like a circuit he should have the guts to say so. That may actually take more courage than driving. For one will not drive in the Indianapolis-type race at Monza again.

**GANNIER:** Do you think that Monza should not be held at all?

**MOSS:** If the Americans want to race at Monza, let them. People are always trying to tell us what to do. Why should they? We don't go and tell John Cunningham not to test new aircraft.

**GANNIER:** Fangio is reported to have said that cars were getting too light. What do you say?

**HAWTHORN:** From 1934-37 there was a maximum weight limit of 750 kilograms (or 1,653 lb.) and you could have any engine size. A 1937 5.0 litre Mercedes developed about 646 b.h.p. Today a formula one car develops less than half that power, 280 b.h.p., and has nearly the same weight.

**MOSS:** Yes, and the easiest car to drive is the lightest—the 500 c.c.

**HAWTHORN:** While the heavy sports car is the hardest—it's much more difficult to hold.

**MOSS:** I took a Cooper to the Argentine because I thought that if the race was going to be difficult I could drive it longer than Mike could his Ferrari.

**HAWTHORN:** And the lighter the car the less likely you are to have tyre trouble.

**GANNIER:** Don't you think there are too many races nowadays? Because trying to win you might have driven in a dozen a year; now it's more like thirty.

**HAWTHORN:** No; on the contrary I think it helps the driver keep in form, provided he gets enough sleep in between. Take runners, for example, or pianists; they practise all the time.

**MOSS:** I reckon if I sleep in my own bed sixty-five days

out of the year that's heck of a lot.

**GANNIER:** What about your fight from Silverstone to race at Caen the next day? Wasn't that too much?

**MOSS:** No, because I was having dinner in France at 8.15 p.m. I expected to be in bed earlier than Mike and he didn't even leave the country.

**HAWTHORN:** Frankly I can't remember when I went to bed!

**GANNIER:** Is there an optimum age for drivers?

**MOSS:** Not really. It depends how much responsibility you have had and how much you can take. To lead a team means much more responsibility than being number two.

**HAWTHORN:** Yes and it's so much a matter of confidence. Take me in 1956. Everyone said I was finished and frankly I thought so myself. But last year I began to regain my confidence. People said Stirling was finished because he had been having a lot of mechanical trouble with his

cars. Fangio is the only exception. We are continually sweeping seasons but he is always the same. I was watching him only a few weeks ago and he was fantastic. He was so precise and neat, and following him I was going all over the place.

**GANNIER:** Are you ever conscious of reaching the peak of your form?

**HAWTHORN:** I know when not on form; if I don't feel like going fast I don't. Stirling is consistent all the time.

**MOSS:** There is a lot of psychology attached to it. If I take over a car that is well at the back I may start to feel that I'm going better than I have for a month—because of challenge.

**GANNIER:** And retirement depends on the championship—which in turn depends on Mike?

**MOSS:** Yes.

**HAWTHORN:** Whether I get the championship or not I shall retire in two years' time—completely, once and for all.

### Answers To Sports Quiz

- 5,000 metres and 10,000 metres.
- The highest number of Test appearances by any player—86.
- Previously Wally Hammond held the record with 85 appearances.
- Bowles.
- In boxing, "A Mary Ann" and a "Bunch of Fives" are slang terms for a type of knock-out punch and a fist.
- Stanley Cullis, Jimmy Anderson, Ted Drake and Billy Walker.
- Doug Insole, Subba Row, Maurice Tremlett and Colin Cowdrey.
- Ceratty—after his coach Percy Ceratty.
- The Grand National.
- Godfrey Evans.

